

Reapers of His Harvest

John T. Paris

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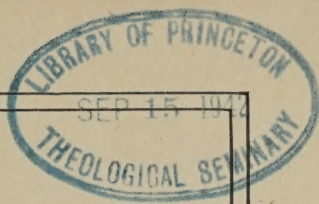
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Reapers of His harvest



Reapers of His Harvest

By

JOHN T. FARIS

*Author of "Winning Their Way," "Men
Who Made Good," "The Life of
Dr. J. R. Miller," etc.*

"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that
he send forth laborers into his harvest."
—Matt. 9:38.



Philadelphia
The Westminster Press
1915

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Foreword

RECORDS of biography are the most vital books. Other volumes may present principles or describe conditions, but the worthy biography tells of a man or a woman who has lived for a principle, and has sought to improve conditions.

And of all books of biography those most worth while tell of heroes who heard God's call to make their lives count by service to their fellows.

"Reapers of His Harvest" gives glimpses of seventeen of these heroes and tells of their discovery that the only joy worth while is the joy of the man who says to God, "Here am I ; send me."

Some of these men served in the homeland ; some went to mission fields. Some became famous ; the names of others are unfamiliar to many Christians. All were ordained ministers, except one missionary whose self-effacing life demands for him a place in the volume.

In the appendix will be found a list of the biographies from which the material for this volume has been gathered. This list is given in the hope that readers will become so interested in these brief sketches that they will not be satisfied until they turn to the complete biographies.

J. T. F.

Philadelphia, July, 1915.

I

WITH BIBLE AND RIFLE IN AFRICA

The Story of James Stewart, of Lovedale

“DOCTOR STEWART and General Gordon were to me the two greatest heroes of the age, the saintly servants of God and of Queen Victoria, the Elijah and Joshua of modern times,” said a steamship captain who many times carried James Stewart between England and Africa. This statement would have been endorsed by thousands who followed the missionary in his wonderful work during nearly half a century.

The first impulse to become a foreign missionary was received when young Stewart was fifteen years old. At the time, he was following the plow in Perthshire. “Leaning on the stilts of the plow, he began to brood over his future. What was it to be? The question flashed across his mind, ‘Might I not make more of my life than by remaining here?’ He straightened himself and said, ‘God helping me, I will be a missionary.’” On another occasion, while out hunting with his cousins, he said, “Jim, I shall never be satisfied till I am in Africa with a Bible in my pocket and a rifle on my shoulder to supply my wants.”

Years of business training, made necessary by the

desire to help his father, and to provide for his own education, gave him invaluable preparation for the life to which he was looking forward and taught him to make the most of his opportunities.

While a student in the Divinity Hall of the Free Church of Scotland, he read and made a careful analysis of the life of Livingstone. He was so captivated by the volume that for a long time he could talk of little else ; his fellow students, who had called him "Long Stewart," because of his height, now gave him the name "Stewart Africanus."

Stewart began his ministry in the homeland, but it was not long before he heard the definite call to cross the sea, and in 1859 he proposed to the Foreign Mission Committee of the Free Church that he be sent to Africa to do missionary work in the region made famous by Livingstone. As the committee felt unable to assume the responsibility, he organized among his friends "The New Central African Committee," composed of eighteen men, "with the view of turning to practical account the discoveries of Livingstone, and of opening a new mission in Central Africa." The initial expenses were largely paid from contributions solicited by himself, supplemented by the gift of his entire inheritance. Then he gave himself, for he was the man chosen by the committee to go to Africa to look over the ground.

Stewart's indomitable perseverance carried him through obstacles in the face of which many a man would perhaps have turned his back forever on the mission field. He was expecting to accompany Mrs.

Livingstone from Durban to the Zambesi on a brig chartered to carry another mission party to a neighboring field, but strenuous efforts were made to persuade him that he was not wanted by Livingstone and that he would better return to England. When Mrs. Livingstone assured him that her husband would welcome him and declared to the captain that she would not sail unless Mr. Stewart was permitted to accompany her, he paid no further attention to the protests of those who would detain him.

For five weeks the delay, the efforts to persuade him that he was on a fool's errand, and the assaults on his character continued. The time was spent in conducting gospel meetings and gathering information that might be of value to him later. Always his comfort was gained in reading the Bible and in prayer. Once he wrote in his journal :

“Make me patient under calumny, whether it be at home or abroad. Give me patience to labor at details as much as if they were the highest work. Let me not get disappointed with the opposition that may be thrown in the way. If it shall prove not to be thy call to labor here, help me to take the lesson thou givest for my good. Help me to be content with thy work in me if not by me, and out of all vexation and trial it has brought, only let my heart be brought nearer thee.”

Consecrated perseverance conquered. At last he reached Livingstone and received a welcome that repaid him for all he had suffered. After a season with the great explorer, he pushed on into the

forests on his own account, supporting his party by his rifle, frequently nearly dying from fever, and in constant danger of a violent death. "The Scotsman" in 1899 insisted that this expedition should share with Livingstone the honor of opening the way for the abolition of the slave trade in Central Africa.

On his return to Scotland after two and a half years of wandering, Stewart reported that the mission project was possible. Livingstone himself wrote to the Foreign Mission Committee of the Free Church, "For such a man as Dr. Stewart there are no insuperable obstacles in the way."

During a brief stay at home he completed his medical course, and gained some valuable experience in work in the churches. Then he was sent by the Free Church to the missionary institute in Lovedale, Cape Colony, and there for three years, or until 1870, he labored under Dr. Govan, the principal. When he was free to work out his own plans the wonderful development of the institution began. His aim, which was thought visionary by most people, "was to uplift the native by touching him at every point, instructing him in all the arts of civilized life and fitting him for all Christian duties."

One of the first steps was to discontinue the teaching of Latin and Greek, the study of English as the classic being substituted. Another innovation was that the native pay tuition fees. Many prophesied failure, but the fees were soon paid without complaint. Little by little the opportunity for industrial education was presented, Dr. Stewart's idea being to

give "a practical training for brain, eye, hand and heart." Business men of the colony and relatives and friends at home furnished the funds required for new buildings, which were erected by artisans brought from Scotland.

The fame of Lovedale spread. In 1873 the Fingoes, who lived one hundred miles to the north-east, appealed to Dr. Stewart to give them a similar school, promising to raise £1,000 if he would do as much. The promise was more than kept, five-shilling contributions being received from each Fingo until £1,450 was heaped up before the missionary. "There are the stones; now build!" said a Fingo orator, pointing to the money. Returning to Scotland, Dr. Stewart raised the needed money, and on his return the natives doubled their subscription. Thus Blythswood was built at a cost of more than £7,000.

As a result of this institution, twenty-two years later it was declared that the Fingoes of Transkei, among whom Blythswood was located, were "half a century ahead of their countrymen in wealth, material progress, agricultural skill, sobriety, and civilized habits of life, both in food, clothing and dwellings."

During Dr. Stewart's visit to Scotland and England, he took part in the burial of Livingstone's body in Westminster Abbey. Later, when it was proposed to erect a monument to the memory of the missionary explorer, he insisted that the monument should be a mission in Nyasaland, in the region which he had explored twelve years before, and that

it should be called Livingstonia. The proposition struck the popular fancy; soon £20,000 were in hand, given in response to Dr. Stewart's personal appeals. Then he was persuaded that it was his duty to go and open up the new field.

Work at Blythswood prevented his joining the first party that went out with the little steamer *Ilala* to Lake Nyasa, and he delayed his journey till the summer of 1876, when he led a party of Europeans and natives to the Murchison Cataract and on to Lake Nyasa. For eighteen months he remained there, exploring, winning his way with the savages, choosing a site for mission buildings, and superintending their erection.

On November 26, 1877, the Lord's Supper was first celebrated on Lake Nyasa, and a few weeks later Dr. Stewart returned to Lovedale, leaving Livingstonia in charge of Dr. Robert Laws. Since then only one generation has passed, but the savages have become civilized. "The war dresses of the wild Angoni have long ago rotted on the village trees, or been sold as curios to travelers. These bloody men are now messengers of the Prince of Peace, evangelizing the villages they used to raid." In 1897 a missionary told of having seen a field of wheat at Mwenzo, and added, "The Ngoni were reaping it with their spears. Not one of these assagais is now used for war. They have beat the iron of some into hoes, which are the native plow-shares. With these spears they cut their grain and prune their trees."

At Lovedale, Dr. Stewart once more devoted him-

self to building up the school, which had become almost a university. The range of education given was from the alphabet to theology, and every form of industrial activity that would be helpful to the natives was given a place in the busy school. Of course the natives were not eager for work and their attitude was illustrated by a new pupil, who declared that the first commandment was, "Thou shalt do no work." But Dr. Stewart set them the example by working with his own hands at the tasks they dreaded most. It was a common thing to see him throw off his coat and show a Kafir how to make a straight furrow. It was his ambition to show the natives how to do any work required of them, and this as a necessary part of training them in Christian character.

Most missionaries would have thought the school was enough of a burden for one man, but Dr. Stewart preached regularly, built a hospital, did a vast amount of medical missionary work, wrote books, edited a newspaper, and was busy at various other things.

No wonder he was the man chosen to establish a new mission in what became the East African Protectorate. He was at home on his first real furlough in twenty-four years when the request came in 1891. Long before the end of the year he was in Africa once more, leading an expedition through a difficult country to the river Kibwesi, near Kili-manjaro. There the new station was opened.

With the exception of the months taken for a visit to Scotland in 1898 in order to perform his

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duties as moderator of the Free Church General Assembly, Dr. Stewart spent the remaining twelve years of his life at Lovedale.

Thus, in active, earnest service, the years passed until December 21, 1905, when, at the age of seventy-six, the worker was called home. He was buried in Sandili Kop, overlooking Lovedale. The simple inscription over his grave reads :

James Stewart
Missionary

There is no more significant comment on Dr. Stewart's life than his own words, spoken in a meeting at Lovedale, when he heard something said about the sacrifices made by missionaries.

Sacrifice ! What man or woman can speak of sacrifice in the face of Calvary ? What happiness or ambition or refinement has any one given up in the service of humanity to compare with the sacrifice of Him who "emptied himself and took upon himself the form of a servant" ?

"It made some of us feel rather ashamed of our heroics," said one who heard him, "for we knew that, if ever a man since Livingstone had a right to speak like that, it was Dr. Stewart."

II

A MAN WHO FORGOT SELF

The Preparation of James Robertson for Conquests in Canada

OF the mother of James Robertson, who was born in Dull, Perthshire, Scotland, on April 24, 1839, the story is told that one day, when in need of a shawl which could not be secured nearer than Crieff, she walked the round trip of fifty-five miles, in a single day, in order that her desire might be gratified !

It was just as characteristic of her that she allowed nothing to stand in the way of her hopes for her children, especially James. She believed that he would have a large place in the world, and daily she planned for his future. When a neighbor spoke scornfully of him, because of the poverty of his home, her answer revealed this belief. Not that she was eager that he should become a famous man or rich ; her one desire was that he should be of use to his fellows.

It was not always possible to permit James to attend the parish school. Frequently he was kept out in order that he might add a little to the family purse by acting as bird boy for some well-to-do neighbor or as gillie for the sportsmen who came to

Scotland for a week's shooting. That absences from school did not interfere with his standing is evident from this statement by his schoolmaster :

“James was very often taken from his lessons to help his mother in household work when she would be employed at outdoor toil on neighboring farms, yet, despite this, he outstripped his classmates, especially in Latin, arithmetic and geometry. He had a clear head, great powers of concentration, and a memory so retentive that he seldom forgot what was worth remembering. Of all the boys I have put through the scholastic mill in a period of forty years, none gave me more pleasure or raised my hopes of his success higher than did James Robertson.”

“He never let go what he once took a grip of,” was the statement of a friend in explanation of his successes in school and in later life. His biographer relates an incident that shows how early he developed this spirit of determination :

“When he was about sixteen, a problem that had given some trouble in the college in Edinburgh was sent down to the master at Dull. ‘If any of them can solve it,’ said the master, ‘it will be Robertson,’ and to Robertson he gave it, who took it home and fell upon it. When his father was going to bed that night, he said to his boy, ‘Are you not comin’ to your bed, lad?’ ‘Yes, after a while,’ replied the boy, hardly looking up from his slate. But when next morning the father came in to light the fire, James rose from the spot where he had been left sitting the night before, with the solution of the

problem in his hands. No wonder that he was the delight and pride of the master and of his fellows in the school."

It is good to read in connection with this tribute to his scholarship the testimony of one who knew him at this period: "He was no duffer, but enjoyed fun as much as any of them."

Naturally the parents and the schoolmaster longed to see the determined boy in college, and James was as eager as they were. But a chapter of misfortune stripped the father of most of his few poor possessions, and when an invitation came from Mrs. Robertson's brother to join him in Canada it was decided, after earnest prayer, to make the move.

Then came a test of James' loyalty to his parents. Ralph Connor tells of this:

"Shortly before their departure the parish minister brought an offer from the trustees of what was known as the Stewart bequest, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to the education of bright lads in the district, to undertake the education of James, if he would remain behind. It was a time of sore trial for them all, but at length one and all agreed that it could not be. Not even for the college education, so long desired, and so toilsomly sought, could they bear to leave the boy behind."

On the frontier farm in Western Ontario, to which the emigrants found their way, there was so much to do that for a time school opportunities were limited. He helped to clear the land, chopped cordwood and hauled it to Woodstock, and performed other tasks of a farm hand.

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During the first summer he attended a short session of school in Woodstock, walking the six miles twice each day. While there he heard the announcement of a teachers' examination. At once he made known his purpose to undergo the test. Although urged to wait a year, that he might be more sure of success, he persisted in his determination to win the certificate at once.

He did win it, and several months before his eighteenth birthday he was duly installed as teacher. He was then "a raw, awkward youth. His clothes were made by the traveling tailor, and none too elegant. His manners and speech were abrupt almost to the point of rudeness at times, but he carried into his work a purpose to get the best out of himself and out of that little company of boys and girls that faced him in the Corner School."

During the winter the young teacher united with the Woodstock Presbyterian Church. It is related by his biographer that on the Communion Sunday when he was to take his vows as a follower of Christ he walked two miles to church with a friend, who has told of his memories of the day thus :

"As we went along the Governor's Road there was a bush, 'Light's Woods,' on the south side of the road. Robertson suggested that we turn aside into the bush, not saying for what purpose. We penetrated it a short distance, when, with a rising hill on our right and on comparatively level ground, the tall maples waving their lofty heads far above us, and the stillness of the calm, sunny day impressing us with a sense of the awful, we came to a large

stone. Robertson proposed that we engage in prayer. We knelt down together. He prayed that he might be true to the vows he was about to take, true to God and ever faithful in his service, and then he prayed for me also."

Probably this was the same young man who testified to Robertson's missionary zeal. "I was one of his converts to total abstinence on principle," he said. "We did not take or make any pledge, but I can thank God for meeting Robertson when I was young."

Missionary zeal led him to serve elsewhere than in the home where he was a boarder. His work in the Sunday school not being sufficient to satisfy him, he gathered together the poor Gaelic-speaking people of Woodstock, and every Sunday conducted services for them in their own language.

When he became a Christian his work in the schoolroom seemed more than ever important. During the two and a half years in the Corner School, and the three years in a larger school at Innerkip, he sought to inspire the boys and girls with the highest ideals. He urged them to make the most of themselves. He was more sane in these counsels than some well-meaning but unwise visitors of conspicuous position whom he heard at a Sunday-school picnic attended by many of his pupils. After listening to the urging of several speakers that the young people strive for high positions in Church and State, his turn came. His message was as earnest as those which had preceded :

“You cannot all attain high positions ; there are not enough to go round. You cannot all be preachers or premiers, but you can all do thoroughly and well what is set you to do, and so fit yourselves for some higher duty, and thus by industry and fidelity and kindness you can fill your sphere in life and at last receive the ‘well done’ of your Lord.”

Always it had been the hope of the Robertson family that James might become a minister. In this hope he shared. His work in the church and among the poor of the town made him all the more eager to win his way through college and present himself before the presbytery for ordination. He attacked the problem with the love for conquering obstacles that had led him so often to seek the tough, gnarled pieces of wood which the choppers had rejected, and handle them energetically and persistently until they became fuel fit for the fire.

He was twenty-nine years old before he was able to enter the University of Toronto. Then followed years of intense application. He had no time to think about winning the approval of his fellow students, but he did win it, in spite of his appearance, which has been described by one who was a fellow student :

“Though he wore his trousers at high water mark, and though his hats were wonderful to behold, and his manners abrupt and uncouth, still ‘Jeemsie,’ as he was dubbed by the irreverent, commanded the respect of the giddiest of the lot, for his fine heart and for his powers of pungent speech.”

Two years followed at Princeton Seminary and a year at Union Theological Seminary, New York. The vacations were spent in missionary work in Canada, and in connection with the last year's work activity as a city missionary occupied all the time not given to the classroom and the study. By the Board of Managers of Alexander Mission he was engaged to preach on Sunday, conduct a prayer meeting, attend a teachers' meeting and visit in the homes of the poor twelve hours a week. In his spare time he was to attend Sunday school and sewing school, and make out full monthly reports of his stewardship. For these services he was to receive forty dollars per month.

Signal success in the Mission brought an unexpected problem : he was asked to remain on the field after his graduation from the seminary, and a salary much larger than he could expect to receive in Canada was offered him. But, as he wrote to Mary Cowing (one of his old pupils), to whom he had been engaged for ten years, he felt the call of the backwoods settlements of Canada. He realized that, by remaining a year in New York, he would be able to save enough to start housekeeping in Canada ; but he feared that a year in the city might wean him from the home of his people. So the decision was made to decline the flattering invitation.

A little later a much larger salary was offered him by another New York congregation. A friend urged him, "Stay, Robertson, and you will become the pastor of a large church in New York. You

have the ability and you only need it brought out by circumstances." A leading minister advised him to remain, saying to him that "he would be sure to rise much quicker there than he could possibly do in Canada."

He owned that he was tempted by the alluring prospect. Yet he did not lose his self-poise. To Miss Cowing he wrote :

"We are no longer our own. The time for self is gone with us. When we entered this sphere it was with the understanding that we were ready to do the Master's work wherever he wished. If true to him, then we must still do or else bear the consequences of going at our own charges. It would be a fearful thing to think of in our future course, that we had regarded self and selfish considerations and not our Master's work. If his work did not prosper, we could scarcely ever forgive ourselves. But I acknowledge to you that it is not an easy matter for me to decide what to do."

Within a few months he was settled in the needy field of Norwich, Ontario, where the salary was only about a quarter of the salary offered him in New York. There, on November 18, 1869, he took the bride who had waited for him so long, and there he labored for five fruitful years.

For seven years he was pastor of Knox Church of Winnipeg. Then, in 1881, he heard the call of the prairies, and became Superintendent of Presbyterian Home Missions. Thereafter, "Canada, west of the Great Lakes, was his mission field," to quote a sentence from his memorial tablet.

In twenty-one years he accomplished marvels for God, and inspired others to do wonderful things. "He gained the respect and confidence of every class of the population," General Assembly's Home Mission Committee said of him after his death. "Amid farms, or ranches, or mines, or villages, or cities, he was equally known and venerated. He was always looked upon as a hero, of the type the West is proud of, and spent himself in tireless labors for the spiritual welfare of that vast region. A loyal Presbyterian, he was no sectarian. He wanted the West for righteousness and the fear of God."

The years of his superintendency witnessed marvelous developments. His biographer says of these :

"The one Presbytery of 1887, with its four congregations and eighteen missions, has developed into eighteen presbyteries with 141 congregations and 226 missions, giving service at 1,130 posts; and to-day in the Canada that lies west of the lakes, we have the foundation of a great church laid solidly and well."

On the block of granite erected over his grave there were engraved these sentences :

"Endowed by God with extraordinary talents, entrusted by his church with unique powers, he used all for the good of his country and the glory of God. The story of his work is the history of the Presbyterian Church in Western Canada, and while Western Canada endures, that work will abide."

III

“THROWING HIMSELF AWAY”

How William Duncan Built an Indian Community

“I WAS the only young man there. Why should not I become a missionary? May not the Lord have something for me to do in heathen lands?”

These were the insistent questions that came to William Duncan, twenty-one years old, on his return from a missionary meeting in Beverly, England, in December, 1853. Before he slept the questions were answered; he had resolved to devote his life to missionary service, turning his back on the promising mercantile career already opening before him.

When his employers learned of his purpose, they offered him a handsome increase in salary if he would remain with them. The temptation was resolutely put aside. A little later the members of a rival firm urged him to enter their employ, proposing to pay him a salary of one thousand pounds. When he would not listen to them, they laughed at him, and declared he was throwing himself away. “You have one of the keenest business minds in England,” one of them said. “Don’t you see you are making a fool of yourself?”

“Fool or no fool, my mind is made up, and nothing can change it,” was the positive reply.

After two years of training in Highbury College, the thoughts of the volunteer were turned from India by the appeal of a naval officer to the Church Missionary Society for missionaries to go to the depraved Indians of Southern Alaska. When the Society thought of available men, the name of William Duncan suggested itself to them so insistently that they finally sent for him. Then the president said to him :

“ Duncan, the Society contemplates opening a mission among one of the most savage tribes of Indians of the northwest coast, but as any missionary sent there will have to take his life in his hands, and perhaps will never return, it does not feel like taking the responsibility of sending any one there unless he would practically volunteer his services. Your name has been suggested. Will you go ? ”

“ I will go wherever I am sent, sir,” William answered.

“ But the missionary who goes must sail next Tuesday.”

“ I can go in an hour if it is necessary, sir.”

When warned once more of the danger, the young man answered :

“ Whether I will ever return, sir, will be the Lord’s business. Going is mine. I am ready to do my part, and I am sure we can trust the good Lord to do his.”

After a trying voyage he was about to go to his appointed field, when the officers of the Hudson Bay Company urged him to give up his plan. They told him that his life would not be worth a mo-

ment's purchase if he should go to the wild Indians ; if, on the contrary, he would stay among the Indians near Victoria, he would be able to do valuable work, and would be in no danger.

"The trouble is that I am sent to Fort Simpson, and to Fort Simpson I must go," was Mr. Duncan's answer. "If I cannot go there, I must return, unless you can secure from the Society a change in my orders, which I do not think you can. And, to tell you the truth, I would not myself very much favor such action."

Arrived at Fort Simpson, the missionary's first task was to make a dictionary of fifteen hundred common English words, whose Tsimshean equivalents he laboriously learned from the natives. From these he made simple sentences and began his communications to the Indians.

Eight months after his arrival, Mr. Duncan faced his first native congregation. One hundred Indians gathered in the one-room house of a chief to hear about "God's letter to the Tsimsheans." The same day he repeated his message in the house of eight other chiefs, each of whom had gathered a company of followers. One of the chiefs, Legiac, was so much impressed that he offered the use of his house for a school, which was opened at once, with twenty-six children present. Soon a schoolhouse was built by the natives, much of the material being taken from their own houses. In the new building the enrollment on the first day was one hundred and forty children and fifty adults.

All went well for three months after the opening

of the new building. Then Mr. Duncan was asked to dismiss school for a month, because the passing of the school children on the street interfered with certain mysterious heathen rites just then to be observed. Although warned that to refuse would be dangerous, the missionary decided that he could not grant the request; school would be held as usual. Angered, Legiac, the chief in whose house the first school had been held, visited the school-master, taking with him a number of other Indians, approached him with a knife, and declared that he had killed men before, and that he had made up his mind to punish him. Another Indian cried out :

“ Kill him. Cut his head off. Give it to me, and I will kick it on the beach.”

Just then Clah, Mr. Duncan's native language teacher, entered the room, carrying a pistol. Legiac, knowing that he would be shot if he remained, hurried away with his followers, and the missionary was safe.

So wisely did Mr. Duncan conduct himself when in the presence of the man who had sought his life that, less than four months after, Legiac came to the school to sit at the feet of “ the white chief ” and learn about “ the good way.”

Sometimes the missionary was so discouraged that he would pray that he might never awake. He rejoiced that God did not grant his petition, for in October, 1861, he was privileged to welcome twenty-three converts. With scores of others, these gathered several times each week in a new and larger

building, made necessary by the growth of the school.

Six months later Mr. Duncan, having determined that the task of Christianizing the Indians was almost impossible when they were near the fort, surrounded by temptations, persuaded many of the natives to abandon their homes and follow him, seventeen miles south to the beautiful island Metlakahtla, there to build a Christian village. Six canoes carried fifty men, women, and children away from plenty to struggle and privation.

The small company felt lonely at first, but within two weeks thirty canoes, loaded with three hundred people, followed to the new home, and asked to be allowed to join the colony.

A scourge of smallpox, which threatened to fill the minds of the pioneers with gloom, was turned to blessing by this dying testimony of one of the victims :

“Do not weep for me. You are poor, being left. I am not poor. I am going to heaven. My Saviour is very near to me. Do all of you follow me to heaven. Let not one of you be wanting. Be all of one heart, and live in peace.”

In the new village houses were built and gardens were planted. Mr. Duncan was chief in authority. Under him were native constables. All the chiefs in the village laid aside their robes of office.

The progress of Metlakahtla was marvelous. A church was built. The Sabbath was scrupulously observed, even in the short fishing season when every hour was valuable. Roads were built and

other public improvements were made from the proceeds of the village tax of one blanket (two dollars and fifty cents for every adult male) and one shirt, or one dollar for every boy approaching manhood. The total proceeds of the first levy were “ one green, one blue, and ninety-four white blankets, one pair of white trousers, one dressed elk skin, seventeen shirts, and seven dollars.”

A blacksmith shop was opened, a carpenter shop, and a soap factory. Then, to take the Indian away from the demoralizing influence of the store at the fort, Mr. Duncan resolved to have a store of his own. The Hudson Bay Company balked all his efforts. Finally he bought a stock of goods at Victoria, six hundred miles away, but the company refused to transport these on its steamers. Borrowing fifteen hundred dollars, Mr. Duncan bought a schooner, manned it with Indians, and became an independent carrier. The company made war on the new store in ways familiar to a powerful corporation ; but, forced to own itself beaten, soon assured the militant missionary that if he would sell his schooner the company's vessels would serve him. After that all went well, and the village prospered as never before.

Further advances were made when a water-power sawmill was built, as well as a brick kiln, which made all the bricks needed at home, in addition to some for sale to other tribes. But the industrious missionary was not satisfied. In 1870 he went back to England for a six months' stay, during which he determined to gain a sufficient knowledge of many

trades to teach his native wards. This is the list he made before his start :

“Teasing, carding, spinning, weaving, cleaning, dyeing, drying wool ; making soap, brushes, baskets, rope, clogs, staves ; dressing deerskins ; making bricks and tiles ; gardening ; photography.”

Unbelievable as this may seem, he learned these trades well in the limited time at his disposal, and had leisure for other things.

From a capitalist he obtained the gift of thirty musical instruments for a brass band he proposed to organize among the Indians. Then, since no one else could teach them, he went to a music teacher in Victoria, on his way home, and asked to be taught the use of the thirty instruments in eight days. “He took eleven lessons, paid eleven dollars, and when he was through he had learned the gamut of them all.”

In Metlakahtla once more, Mr. Duncan superintended the construction of a ropewalk, a clog shop, a cooper’s shop, and a sash and door factory. Women were taught to spin the wool of the mountain sheep. A church, with accommodations for twelve hundred people was built at a cost of twelve thousand dollars, much of this being contributed by the natives themselves. Eighty-seven two-story houses were built and a schoolhouse seating eight hundred people. “In short, the little village commenced to assume the substantial and cozy appearance of a New England town.” The profits of the store and the shops were partly responsible for these changes.

Mr. Duncan's biographer gives this list of the missionary's occupations at this time : “ Preacher, pastor, schoolmaster, doctor, magistrate, chief of police, mayor, manager of a store, a sawmill, and of half a dozen manufacturing establishments, church builder and architect, bookkeeper, gardener, and adviser and arbiter of every little dispute arising between nine hundred to one thousand people, only one degree removed from barbarism.” And almost all of this was done without assistance. During the earlier years of his work several helpers were on the ground, but they did not remain long.

The most marvelous chapter in the story of William Duncan is yet to be told. In 1881, after thirty-five thousand dollars had been expended on public improvements in Metlakahtla (only six thousand of this sum having come from outside friends) the Church Missionary Society requested Mr. Duncan to resign the mission to the care of a bishop sent out from England, and to return home. Mr. Duncan felt very keenly the folly of teaching his simple natives the ritual of the Church of England with all its observances.

When no other course seemed open, Mr. Duncan began to think of a second pilgrimage. His eyes turned longingly to an island to the north, belonging to Alaska. Going to the United States he told many influential men of his hope. Among others, Phillips Brooks and Henry Ward Beecher promised to help him. President Cleveland and his cabinet advised him to take his Indians to the Alaskan island, assuring him that Congress would later grant

the land they chose. In 1891 Congress set apart the Annette Islands as a reservation for the use of the Metlakahtla Indians, and other natives who might join them.

On August 7, 1887, "Pioneer Day," the advance guard of Duncan's Indians landed at their new island home. After building a few rough cabins, they returned for their families and their movable possessions. Within a few weeks eight hundred and twenty-three of the nine hundred and forty-eight people in Metlakahtla moved to New Metlakahtla. Of these only two or three families returned, appalled by the severe hardships they must encounter.

Since the occupation of the new village one hundred and thirty permanent homes have been built, most of them attractive houses which would do credit to any American village.¹ Three sawmills have been constructed, the first two having been destroyed by fire, with losses of twelve thousand and nine thousand dollars. The village store was opened, which to-day carries a stock worth twenty thousand dollars. In rapid succession were built a town hall, a large public school, a salmon cannery which, in twenty-four years, sent out twelve million cans of fish. The cannery and other industries were financed by a twenty-five-thousand-dollar corporation, half of the stock being taken at home, while friends subscribed the remainder. In 1905 the corporation was dissolved, the native stockholders be-

¹ These figures are for 1909, when Mr. Arctander's account of Mr. Duncan's work was published.

ing paid fifteen per cent as well as the principal of their investment, while other investors were awarded seven per cent and the principal.

In 1893 “ Mr. Duncan’s Westminster Abbey ” was begun ; on Christmas Day, 1896, it was dedicated. The building “ is one hundred feet long, has a seventy-foot span, is forty-three feet to the ceiling, and the tops of the spires on the towers are eighty feet above the ground.” There is a pipe-organ, and up-to-date fixtures for the use of acetylene gas. Everything but the organ was the product of native labor. The cost was ten thousand dollars, twenty-five hundred dollars being contributed by the natives, forty-five hundred dollars by Mr. Duncan, the remainder by friends.

The main street of the village is paved with planking ; there is a jail, which is never occupied, and a public library, the largest in Alaska, containing two thousand and seventy-seven volumes.

In 1905 President Roosevelt recommended to Congress that the Christian Indians of New Metlakahtla be granted citizenship. The recommendation was not adopted, but it is hoped this recognition will not be long delayed.

And so “ the man who threw himself away ” has his reward. God had turned his sorrow because of threatened disaster to gratitude because of larger opportunities and greater blessings than he had dreamed of.

IV

A MAKER OF MINISTERS

Glimpses of Herrick Johnson, Master of Sermon-Making

WHEN—in the late forties of the nineteenth century—Mr. Jay Johnson of Fonda, New York, sent his son Herrick to school at Jamestown, New York, it was his idea that the young man would follow him in a business career.

At that time Herrick was described as a clean, rollicking, cheery boy, intelligent, honest, and generous to a fault. But he seemed to have no thought at all of the spiritual life. His brief stay in the home of a relative, who was pastor of the Jamestown Presbyterian Church, did not make any special impression on him.

But it was different when his relative left Jamestown, and he was invited to make his home with the family of a Christian physician. In spite of himself, he was impressed by the beautiful life in the home. Daily, at the family altar, he heard a petition for himself. At a time of special religious interest in the church he pretended to take the matter very lightly. But his heart was growing tender, and when the daughter of the house, one of his companions at school, timidly spoke to him of her wish

that he become a fellow member with her in the church, he was deeply impressed. He tried to laugh at her, but she "screwed her courage to the sticking point," as she afterwards said, resisted his ridicule, and renewed her invitation. He resisted until one day when she said, "Be a Christian, Herrick." Then he went out to the barn and cried to God for mercy. Later, in the dark basement of the church, after an inquiry meeting, he gave his heart to the Saviour.

In a letter written in after life, which is quoted in the story of his life by Dr. Robinson, he told of what followed :

"I went back that next spring to Buffalo, where my father lived, and resumed the occupation of the previous year, taking my old position in a forwarding and commission office, but with my heart no longer in the work. The desire was planted in me to be a preacher of the gospel, and it grew and grew as the days and weeks and months went by. That desire never left me. I waited a year to test it, that I might surely know whether it was a temporary enthusiasm born of the hour, or a conviction born of the Spirit of God. Meanwhile, I kept at my post as a shipping clerk, having made public profession of my faith in Christ."

When he told his father of his conviction that he should become a minister, his father expressed disappointment, and asked him to reconsider his decision, in view of the fact that he seemed to be doing so well at his business.

A few weeks later, however, the young Christian

told him that his feelings were unchanged, and that he was eager to have permission to begin preparation for college. To his joy, Mr. Johnson gave consent, and he entered Hamilton College in 1853.

There he became at once a general favorite. His genial qualities and his fondness for outdoor sports made him the chosen companion of the finest men in the college. But he did not yield to the temptation to neglect classroom work and literary society activities. From the first he took high rank in his class, winning a number of prizes.

There was one honor, however, which did not come to him easily. He aspired to excel in oratory, an art for which Hamilton College was famous during the years of his residence there. The story of his successful struggles for this particular honor is told thus by Dr. Robinson :

“Probably there was nothing he wanted so much as the prize in his class at the next commencement. But unfortunately his standards and ideals of public speaking were just as far as possible from the Mandevillian standard. (The Chair of Oratory at Hamilton was called the Mandevillian Chair.) He had acquired what was called a ministerial tone and other faults fatal to any success, unless eradicated. The best speakers of the upper classes were the recognized and accepted ‘drillers’ of the new boys, who at once put themselves under their care and criticism. Every spring and fall a certain valley with a grove, north of the college, was the resort of the aspirants for success at this time.”

To this grove Herrick eagerly made his way, in

the company of a friendly tutor. But the tutor was in despair, because, while Herrick had a magnificent voice, it was "well-nigh ruined by his sins against the right method of using it. He soon saw that it was going to be essential for him to go down to the foundation of his wrong methods and break them all up and absolutely eradicate his 'tone.' It was no easy thing to do, but the young man was intensely ambitious, and so he worked with the greatest energy."

His first attempt was a failure; he was compelled to look on while four classmates captured the appointments as Freshman orators. Undiscouraged, he tried again in Sophomore year. Once more he failed. As a Junior he redoubled his efforts, and was successful at the end of the year. "He went on the platform conscious of his power and swept everything before him as the Junior prize speaker."

In Auburn Seminary his power as a speaker was developed rapidly, and he became a most acceptable preacher in the churches in and near Auburn. A visitor in a church where he spoke one Sunday mentioned him to the committee of the First Presbyterian Church of that city, who were looking for an assistant pastor. A call was given to him, and in 1860 he began his work there.

Fourteen years of strenuous work in the pastorate followed. After a brief service in Troy he became pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh. There his arduous labors in the church and his ministry to soldiers through the Christian Commission made inroads on his health, and he found

relief in a stay at Marquette, Michigan. He worked just as hard in this obscure field as he had worked in the great Pittsburgh church.

In 1868 he became pastor of the First Church of Philadelphia, one of the oldest Presbyterian churches in the country, made famous by the long pastorate of Albert Barnes. Herrick Johnson very soon became a recognized leader in the city. His leadership in church councils, also, was unquestioned. During the days when reunion was talked of between the Old School and New School wings of the church, he was a power in council and on the platform, and to him was due much of the credit for the successful issue of the campaign.

At the time of his residence in Chicago as pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church (from 1880 to 1883) he was described as "a man of medium size and striking physique, having in every respect the air and manner of a Christian gentleman. The deep overhanging brow, piercing eye, unaided by glasses, so generally necessary to clergymen of his age, denote the great preponderance of the intellectual above the physical. But it is as the rhetorician and the elocutionist that we specially admire the man. His style is clear and to the point. His delivery . . . was filled with energy, the voice clear and wonderfully distinct, yet managed with grace and elasticity."

While pastor at Chicago he was given the degree of doctor of laws by Wooster University, and was chosen moderator of the General Assembly of 1882.

While in charge of the First Church he devoted

part of his time to the duties of the Chair of Homiletics at the Theological Seminary of the Northwest in Chicago, later the McCormick Theological Seminary. His success with the students was so great that he was urged to resign the pastorate and give his full strength to work in the seminary. For the second time, then, he listened to the call of a theological seminary, and became professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology in the fall of 1883. The six years at Auburn Seminary, 1874 to 1880, which followed his Philadelphia pastorate, had shown his fitness for the work of equipping students for the ministry and his taste for the work. So his friends were not surprised by his decision.

During twenty-five years at McCormick he impressed himself and his message on the hearts of hundreds of men who later became leaders in the Church. To him they owed much of their ability to preach effectively. They listened to his pleas "to seek to make every sermon a soul-winner; to let the whole soul go out into the sermon every week."

One who followed his work in the seminary has said of it: "By what he thus wrote upon the minds and hearts of the young men who came under his instruction he has multiplied and extended his influence throughout our country and the world. They are 'living epistles,' each one having more or less the marks of his handwriting upon them."

Dr. Johnson, never a recluse, was especially active in outside work when he was at the seminary. He was always a leader in the General Assembly.

His plan for the Board of Aid for Colleges and Academies was adopted, and for many years he was president of the new board.

It was said of him that "he was not ambitious to secure leadership. His preëminence in the church was not accidental or attained by selfish methods. He was a great preacher, not only through his knowledge of the Scriptures and his ability to present their teachings in systematic form, but also through his power to appeal to the consciences and the hearts of his hearers."

When his seventy-second birthday came and he felt that it was time to retire, he did not become inactive. In Chicago, in St. Louis and in Philadelphia, where he made his home for the next ten years, he was a power for righteousness. Always he was eager to preach the Word, and always the people were eager to hear him.

It was not till 1913, sixty-five years after his companion in the New York town urged him to become a Christian, that he heard God's call to lay down his burden and go into the presence of the King whose gospel he had proclaimed for more than half a century.

V

THE UNUSUAL EXPERIENCES OF A MISSIONARY

Chapters in the Life of Calvin W. Mateer

CALVIN WILSON MATEER was born on a farm near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, on January 9, 1836. His parents were of that sturdy Scotch-Irish stock that has done so much for America and the world. Both were earnest Christians, vitally interested in foreign missionary work. Mr. Mateer's quiet, earnest life made a deep impression on his children, but the son Calvin always insisted that the influence of his mother had been most potent in his life. She had always longed for a college education. The story is told that once she dreamed she had entered as a student at Mount Holyoke, but awoke in tears to find that she was white-haired. Children trained by such a mother could not fail to desire the education made possible by careful planning and economy of both father and mother.

The home training bore rich fruit. Seldom has there been as remarkable a record as that made by the Mateer family. Calvin was the oldest of seven children, five brothers and two sisters. Calvin and Robert became missionaries in Shantung, China; John for five years had charge of the Presbyterian Mission Press at Shanghai, and later of the Congre-

gational Press at Peking, where he died ; Lillian taught in the Girls' School at Tengchow, and married a Baptist missionary in Shanghai ; William desired to become a missionary, but reluctantly turned to a business career, yielding to the advice of those who felt that his duty was at home ; Jennie married a Presbyterian minister, and both were under appointment to go to China, when ill-health compelled them to remain at home ; Horace is a professor in the University of Wooster, Ohio.

After leaving college, and before entering the Western Theological Seminary at Allegheny, Pennsylvania, Mateer taught in the academy at Beaver, Pennsylvania.

Although from boyhood Calvin Mateer's thoughts had been turned to the foreign mission field as the possible scene of his life work, it was not until near the close of his seminary course that he definitely offered himself to the Board of Foreign Missions. He was accepted, but it was impossible to send him at once, on account of the disturbed condition incident to the Civil War. For a season he was stated supply of the Presbyterian Church at Delaware, Ohio, where he was married to Miss Julia A. Brown. In 1863 they were told to prepare to go to Tengchow, China, and on July 3 of that year they sailed, with Mr. and Mrs. Hunter Corbett as fellow passengers.

The voyage on a sailing vessel proved to be one of the most trying that missionaries have ever been called upon to endure. The trip required one hundred and sixty-five days. The captain was a tyrant

to the crew, and all but brutal to the passengers, especially the missionaries, whom he hated for their work's sake.

From Shanghai a coasting steamer took them to Chefu, but within a short distance of the destination the vessel was wrecked. The passengers were landed, and passed hours of misery trying to find their way to Chefu amid snow and ice. At length they returned to the scene of the wreck, where they found an English gunboat, which carried them to Chefu. A few days later they arrived at Tengchow.

In 1864 there were not many more than one hundred ordained Protestant missionaries in all China. In Shantung only Chefu and Tengchow were occupied. At Tengchow the Baptists had begun work in 1860, while the Presbyterians followed soon after. Two of the Baptist missionaries were killed by robbers, while the Presbyterian forces were depleted by sickness. The Mateers and the Corbetts came just when they were most needed.

Almost at once Mr. Mateer was called upon to exercise the mechanical and inventive gifts for which he soon became noted. No house being available for his use, he cleared a room in the rough house of another missionary, built a chimney, and made a stove since none could be bought in the city. His story of how he worked is worth reading :

“Mr. Mills and I went to work to make a stove out of tin. We had the top and bottom of an old sheet-iron stove for a foundation, from which we finally succeeded in making what proves to be a very good stove. We put over one hundred and

sixty rivets in it in the process of making it. I next had my ingenuity taxed to make a machine to press the fine coal they burn here into balls or blocks, so that we could use it. They have been simply setting it with a sort of gum water and moulding it into balls with their hands. Thus prepared it was too soft and porous to burn well. So, as it was the time of the new year, and we could not obtain a teacher, I went to work, and with considerable trouble, and working at a vast disadvantage from want of proper tools, I succeeded in making a machine to press the coal into solid square blocks. At first it seemed as if it would be a failure, for although it pressed the coal admirably, it seemed impossible to get the block out of the machine successfully. This was obviated, however, and it worked very well, and seems to be quite an institution."

This machine subsequently he improved, so that a boy could turn out the fuel with great rapidity.

Later, under his own supervision, the house was built which was his home from 1867 to 1894. There he did most of his life work, and there the Mandarin Revision Committee held its first meeting.

Mateer's ability to use tools always stood him in good stead. His life was filled with so many other activities that his friends were apt to pay little attention to his mechanical contrivances. But his achievements "With Apparatus and Machinery" (this is the title of an intensely interesting chapter of his biography) were so noteworthy that they would have been thought sufficient for the entire

work of an ordinary lifetime. He had had no training except that received on the home farm, where much of the machinery used was made on the place, yet he could turn his hand to anything. He made a casket for a missionary's child when none was available; he made an electric fan, using as a model a small one he had bought. He taught electrotyping to a class of native artisans, after he had picked up the art for himself. When a large dynamo failed to produce a current he unwound the machine, located the fault, reinsulated the wire and rewound the coil. At his own expense he fitted up a workshop where he kept a workman, whose wages he paid himself. He was able to do anything "from setting up a windmill or water system, or installing an engine and dynamo, to brazing broken spectacle frames or repairing a bicycle." During one of his earlier furloughs he spent some time in the Baldwin Locomotive Works at Philadelphia, in order that, on his return to China, he might construct the model of a locomotive for the instruction of Chinese boys. It is said he found difficulty in convincing some of the skilled mechanics that he had not been trained to the business. When on his way to America on his last furlough, a train was delayed by difficulty with the locomotive. No one seemed able to remedy the difficulty till Mateer pointed it out and instructed the workmen how to proceed.

This mechanical ability was turned to good account in attracting the Chinese. In later years, at his own expense, a museum was equipped, in which

numerous marvels were shown, many of these being of his own construction. Through this museum twelve thousand people were brought into touch with the gospel in a single year (1909).

Dr. Mateer also started industries for native Christians and promoted self-help among the needy. Now it was a loom for weaving coarse Chinese linsey or bagging, or a spinning or a knitting machine that he ordered; again, he inquired for a roller press to be used for drying and pressing cotton cloth after dyeing; and more than once he sent for a lathe for a Chinese blacksmith. In 1896 he interested himself in procuring an outfit for a flouring mill. He said: "The enterprise of starting the mill was conceived by Chinese Christians, and they are going to form a company to raise the money. I do not think that there is a roller mill in China—certainly not in North China. . . . We personally will not make a cent out of it; but we are interested to get the Chinese Christians started in an enterprise by which they can make a living, and introduce improvements into their country."

His apprentices went out in many instances master blacksmiths, machinists, and electricians, and had no difficulty in finding places. A Chinese general, temporarily at Tengchow, employed one of these men as a blacksmith, and it was so evident that his orders were filled according to Western methods that he paid a visit to the wonderful shop of this wonderful master. The very last man for whom Dr. Mateer obtained a place was his most skilled electrician and his latest foreman.

But the mechanical work whose influence was so far-reaching was only an incident in the life of Dr. Mateer. His name will be remembered chiefly for his labors to make the study of the difficult Chinese tongue more simple for his successors. When he began language study, printed helps were few and not very good. Teachers were scarce. His progress was slow. Yet, in the words of one of his associates, he "became not only the prince of Mandarin speakers among foreigners in China, but also so grasped the principles of the language as to enable him in future years to issue the most thoroughgoing and complete work on the language, the most generally used textbook for all students of the spoken tongue." While the task was still far from complete, he wrote of it :

"Each lesson illustrates an idiom, the word idiom being taken with some latitude. The sentences, as you will see, are gathered from all quarters, and introduce every variety of subject. I have also introduced every variety of style that can be called Mandarin, the higher style being found chiefly in the second hundred lessons. The prevailing object, however, is to help people to learn Mandarin as it is spoken. I have tried to avoid distinct localisms, but not colloquialisms. A large acquaintance with these is important, not to say essential, to every really good speaker of Mandarin. It is, of course, possible to avoid the most of them, and to learn to use a narrow range of general Mandarin which never leaves the dead level of commonplace expressions, except to introduce some

stilted book phrase. This, however, is not what the Chinese themselves do, nor is it what foreigners should seek to acquire. Many colloquialisms are very widely used, and they serve to give force and variety to the language, expressing in many instances what cannot be expressed in any other way. I have tried to represent all quarters, and in order to do so I have in many cases given two or more forms."

The lessons were not published until 1892, twenty-five years after they were begun. They immediately became popular; now they are more largely used than any similar help. A large portion of the profits was generously devoted to the extension of work in the mission schools and other institutions.

At the urgent request of the Synod of China, the lessons were printed at the Mission Press in Shanghai, of which Dr. Mateer was superintendent from 1870 to 1872. During his incumbency, as well as in later years, the Press published a number of other books written by him, including an algebra and a geometry.

Next to the Mandarin Lessons, perhaps his most important literary work was the Mandarin version of the Bible, of which he was one of the translators. At the first general missionary conference in Shanghai in May, 1877, it was decided that it was necessary to have new versions of the entire Bible that would displace the many partial versions in use. One version in simple Wen-li (or Classic), and one in Mandarin (or popular language) were determined on. Dr. Mateer was appointed on the committee

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of five which had the latter version in charge. Of this committee Dr. Mateer and Dr. Chauncey Goodrich alone continued at work until the New Testament was completed in 1907. The translation of the Old Testament was begun by the committee which completed the New Testament.

Dr. Mateer was not only an educator through his books; he was an active teacher during most of the period of his services in China. In September, 1863, a school for Chinese boys was opened in his own home. Mrs. Mateer joined her husband in teaching. The work was slow, but the missionaries never wearied. Thirteen years later the first class was graduated. For five years more it continued, doing the work of high-school and collegiate grade without making any pretensions to the name college. Then it was finally called a college. During the eighteen years it had educated more or less completely two hundred pupils, and all of those who remained long enough and were mature enough became Christians.

Dr. Mateer continued at the head of the Tengchow College until 1895. In 1904 it was removed to Wei-hsien, a far better location. Dr. Mateer also removed to Wei-hsien, not because he was teaching in the college, but because he could not live away from it. Yet even if he was not officially connected with the institution, he was always working for it. In 1907 he consented to become president, in an emergency, and he carried on the work for a short time.

Dr. Mateer was always an evangelist as well as

a teacher. With joy he preached his first sermon in Chinese; and his joy in telling the people of Him who died to save them increased as the years passed. In Tengchow, and far away in the interior, he found his way to the hearts of the people as he delivered his message. Thirty-three years after reaching China he wrote :

“I have traveled in mule litters, on donkeys, and on foot over a large part of the province of Shantung, preaching from village to village, on the streets and by the wayside. Over the nearer portions I have gone again and again. My preaching tours would aggregate from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand miles, including from eight thousand to twelve thousand addresses to the heathen.”

From the early days of the Tengchow school he had native Christians in training, and to the close of his life he urged the necessity of equipping Chinese for work among their countrymen. As pastor at Tengchow he gave many object lessons in what he meant, and the success of the work there is an eloquent testimony to the wisdom of his plans and the faithfulness of his work.

Thus passed forty-four years of a life of prayer, a life of toil, a life of joyful endurance of hardships for the sake of his Master. Before he left America, he said in public :

“I have given my life to China. I expect to live there, to die there, and to be buried there.” Again he said : “I expect to die in heathen China, but I expect to rise in Christian China.”

He did die in heathen China, but it was a China

less heathen because of God's blessing on his efforts. His death followed months of suffering, during which he was engaged on the translation of the Psalms into Mandarin. When he was rapidly sinking he prayed that he might live to finish the book. But God saw fit to take him before the work was done.

His last words were, "Holy ! Holy ! True and Mighty !" Soon after gasping this expression of his wondering faith, on September 28, 1908, he "fell asleep."

In the vault prepared at Chefu his body waits for the resurrection. Then he shall see, according to his prayer, a Christian China.

VI

THE FATHER OF EDINBURGH'S POOR

The Record of Thomas Guthrie's Service

NEAR the close of the first decade of the nineteenth century two Scotch boys were crossing a swollen stream. The older of the two carried the other on his back. When halfway over, the smaller lad became frightened and slipped into the stream. His companion grasped him instantly, but the panic of those in danger of drowning came over him, and he so impeded the efforts of his rescuer that for a time it looked as if both would lose their lives. Fortunately the sturdy youth, by keeping his head, succeeded in bringing his burden safe to land.

Sixty years later he wrote of his joy and thankfulness that his life had been spared. And his thankfulness has been echoed in the hearts of thousands who have read of his boyhood experience. For the hero was Thomas Guthrie, who became one of the greatest preachers and ecclesiastical leaders Scotland has produced.

It was a few years before this experience that young Guthrie, who was born July 12, 1803, had his first days at school. He was four years old when he was enrolled in the school kept in his native village, Brechin, by a weaver, a good old

man who lived in one room with his wife and daughter. Loom, beds, other household furniture and school furniture were all in this room. But the school furniture was meager; there were only half a dozen three-legged stools on which the pupils sat and studied, to the music of the loom and the shriek of the leather thong, used by the weaver-teacher to remind his charges of neglected duty.

Three years later Guthrie found himself in a more ambitious school, where he really began to acquire the education that was a marvel even in the Scotland of his day.

But he was more than a student. He was a real boy, as a memory of those days proves. He was only seven when with the others he played truant. The culprits, knowing what the penalty would be, resolved to stand together when called to account by the teacher. Telling him that he could either forgive them or fight them, the teacher chose to forgive them. Nevertheless the penalty for the double transgression was duly paid by the pugnacious Thomas, when his escapade was reported to his father.

In November, 1815, when he was only twelve years old, Guthrie made his way to the University of Edinburgh. The phrase, "made his way," is used advisedly, for the journey from Brechin was no simple matter. Part of the way he went by cart. The Tay was crossed in a pinnace. For some distance he proudly rode on top of a stagecoach. The last ten miles to the Forth was made on foot, then another pinnace was taken to Edinburgh.

Though Guthrie's father was in comfortable circumstances, it was thought best that the young student should live most economically. He roomed with his tutor in a very small apartment. His bill of fare was tea once, oatmeal porridge twice a day, and for dinner fresh herring and potatoes. "Butcher's meat" was a luxury enjoyed twice during his first term. His total expenses, aside from fees, books and the expense of tutor, were not more than ten pounds.

In less than four years he received his degree from the university. When he was nineteen he had completed, in addition, his theological course. As two years must pass before he could be licensed, according to the law of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, he returned to the university for a post-graduate course. In 1825 the license was granted. He was then eligible to a call from a church, on receipt of which he would be ordained.

But there were difficulties in the way of receiving the call. He might have had it at once, if he had been willing to fulfill the conditions. But these conditions were too grievous. The call issued by a congregation was a mere form. The congregation acted as it was told to act by the nobleman whose right it was to name the incumbent. Young Guthrie was informed that he might have one of the best livings in Scotland if he would agree to side with the government against the popular party in the church. Though he was eager to begin active work, and though he was engaged to the daughter of the pastor of the Brechin church, and his marriage

must wait until he had a field, he refused to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage, as he himself put it.

Resolved to waste no time, he went to Paris, determined to spend a year in study at the Sorbonne. By so doing he felt he would be just so much better equipped when the call should come to him. On his return from Paris there seemed once more to be prospect of a call, but the fact that he was by this time known as one of the popular party in the Established Church of Scotland led to a second disappointment. He wondered why God had permitted him to spend so many years in preparation, only to keep him out of the Church for so long a time.

A few years later he understood that either call if given would have led to serious trouble. The first church he missed was so large that he would probably have been dwarfed and stunted for life by overwork ; the second was in a presbytery where there was little spiritual life among the ministers. "It was not a safe atmosphere to breathe, and I was safer out of it," he said. "I have lived to see that I had no more ground than Jacob to say, 'All these things are against me.' "

Again the interval of waiting was profitably employed. His first plan was to go to a German university, but his elder brother, the Brechin banker, died suddenly, and it was necessary that some one should carry on the bank in the interests of the heir. So Thomas Guthrie, licentiate, became Thomas Guthrie, country banker. With all his heart he gave himself to the work, and so paved the way for valuable development in his first field.

At last, in 1830, he became pastor at Arbirlot, in Forfarshire. The patron of the living offered to build a new manse for Guthrie and his bride, but the request was made that a new church be built instead. This was done, and the young couple went to live in a house one hundred years old. "The floor of the small parlor formed an inclined plane, having sunk so much on one side that when a ball was placed on the table it rolled off. The dining room, which, unless when company was in the house, was only used as the study, was so open through many a cranny to the winds of heaven that the carpet in stormy weather rose and fell and flapped like a ship's sail." Next to this was a sleeping closet whose occupants were one morning roused by a shower bath. The kitchen had no other ceiling but the floor of the bedroom that stood over it.

This was bad, but the old church was worse, as the pastor described it. "There was nothing but an earthen floor below and no ceiling above. On beginning the services on a winter Sunday I have often seen the snow, that had blown through the slating, lying white on the rafters, waiting to tumble down on the heads of the people when loosened by their breath." When the church was rebuilt, not only were these faults remedied, but an innovation was made that called down on the head of the devoted pastor the anger of many of his leading members. In the original church the seats had been put in by the members, each farmer building enough for all his servants and minor tenants. Few of these seats being required for the persons for whom

they were built, the farmers leased them to others. Having a monopoly of the seating privileges, they charged trust prices. An end was put to this custom by the building, from session funds, of pews which were rented at a very small price. By advocating this plan, Guthrie fulfilled the prophecy made by an old woman when he went to Arbirlot: "If you new minister is faithful to his Master, be sure he'll have a' the blackguards of the parish on his tap in three weeks."

One of the problems he solved in Arbirlot was the Sunday evening service. It was a problem for reasons very similar to those given by twentieth century ministers. In Arbirlot the solution was found when the young people were brought together for a more popular service than that held in the morning, the chief feature being the presentation of the morning sermon in a new way, "the various topics being set forth by illustrations drawn from nature, the world, history, etc., of a kind that greatly interested the people, but such as would not always have suited the dignity and gravity of the pulpit." The experiment was a success; not only the young people but many of their elders crowded to the service.

There were other innovations—a parish library, kept in the manse, which was used with delight by hundreds of the people, and a savings bank, to which all in the parish were invited to bring their savings. The time in the Brechin bank had prepared him to take the lead in this bit of institutional work. His Saturday afternoons were given

REAPERS OF HIS HARVEST

up to it. When he left the field, after some years, there were more than six hundred pounds on deposit, the property of people who, without the bank, might not have saved six hundred pence.

Guthrie's reputation as a preacher and an organizer attracted the attention of the Edinburgh churches. Several times he was urged to allow his name to be used in the city, but he invariably refused. He would not even go there to preach as a supply. But finally his prominence as a leader in the successful fight against patronage (as the naming of ministers to vacant pulpits without regard to the wish of the people was called) was responsible for his being named by the Edinburgh Town Council one of the pastors of Old Greyfriars Church.

In Edinburgh he might have chosen to do the work that kept him among the wealthy and the cultured, but he chose to leave this to his associate, while he was instrumental in organizing St. John's, a Collegiate Church, in the purlieus of old Edinburgh, of which he was given charge. There he visited in the homes of the poor and preached to them in this church. They knew it as their church, and they were glad to think of him as their preacher. They flocked to hear him in great numbers. The rich people came also, attracted by his fame. But they had to wait until the poor people were seated ; then they were welcomed to any remaining pews.

While he was ministering to the poor he did not forget the fight for freeing the church from patronage which he had begun while in Arbirlot. This

fight came to its logical conclusions on May 18, 1843, when five hundred ministers of the Established Church voluntarily surrendered their livings and founded the Free Church. Guthrie was one of their leaders. On that eventful day he explained his attitude in public: "I am no longer minister of St. John's. I understand that this day there has been a great slaughter in the Old Assembly, and among the rest my connection with the Established Church has been cut, or rather, I may say, I have cut it myself. I know they have resolved to declare my church vacant. They may save themselves the trouble." Most of his congregation went with him. Before many years he was pastor of a church larger and stronger than St. John's. In fifteen years the annual income of the Free Church was greater than that of the Established Church, with all its endowments.

For more than twenty years Dr. Guthrie continued to take a leading part in Scottish church life. He was moderator of the Assembly, he fathered the manse scheme by which hundreds of manses were provided for the free churches, he outlined a plan for Ragged Schools, and developed these to great efficiency. But perhaps his greatest service was to the temperance cause. The sight of the misery caused by drink in his Edinburgh parish, and the knowledge that the use of liquor was customary among all classes, led him to throw all the weight of his influence against the use of intoxicants. On the platform, by his pen, and in the homes of the people he argued for temperance.

And his work was successful. Whereas, when he was a student, there was not, so far as he knew, a single abstaining student within the university, abstinence among the students became so common as to excite no remark. When he entered the ministry it is said that there was not an abstaining minister in the Church of Scotland. Even when he was speaking in behalf of the temperance movement, it was thought strange that he should say, as he did once, that he would rather see in his pulpit a man who was a total abstainer from the root of all evil, drink, than a man crammed with all the Hebrew roots in the world. But before he laid down his weapons a different story could be told.

Worn out by work in the city, in his church and out of it, the famous minister for many years spent his summers on Loch Lee. There he fished and tramped and rested during the week. But on Sunday he could not be idle. He was accustomed to go to the loch side, there to preach to the people who came from far and near. It was a strange company he had—crofters and shepherds sat on the grass by the side of men and women of title. But his chief thought, in the country as in the city, was for the poorer ones among his hearers.

The busy life came to an end on February 24, 1873. Thirty thousand people gathered at the Grange Cemetery to pay their last respects to the friend of all the people—one of the largest funerals ever known in Edinburgh. Professor John Stuart Blackie voiced the feelings of that multitude and of other thousands who were unable to attend the funeral :

THE FATHER OF EDINBURGH'S POOR

The city weeps ; with slow and solemn show
The dark-plumed pomp sails through the crowded way,
The walls and roofs are topped with thick display
Of waiting eyes that watch the ending woe.

What man was here to whose last fateful march
The marshaled throng its long-drawn convoy brings,
Like some great conqueror's when victory swings
Her vans, o'er flower-spread path, and wreathed arch ?

No conqueror's kind was here, no conqueror's kin,
But a strong-breasted, fervid-hearted man,
Who from dark dens redeemed, and haunts of sin,
The city waifs, the loose unfathered clan,
With prouder triumph than when wondering Rome,
Went forth, all eyes, to bring great Cæsar home.

VII

SEVEN YEARS IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA

The Life Work of William Johnson

NEARLY one hundred years ago William A. B. Johnson, a young German, entered at the office of the Church Missionary Society in London and asked to be sent with his wife as a teacher to some one of the mission schools. Investigation made by the society revealed a remarkable story.

The young German was employed at a sugar warehouse. Until three years before his application he was not a Christian, but was living a careless life. One day, when he was all but penniless, with little clothing and not enough food for the needs of the day, his wife sick, he felt that he might as well give up his struggle for existence. But just at the moment of greatest need there came to him the memory of a text he had learned at the school in his home town in Germany :

Call upon me in the day of trouble ;
I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.

“Surely,” he said, “this is ‘a day of trouble.’ Will he deliver me—me, who have sinned so against him? And now may I, indeed, call upon God to deliver me?”

The answer to his prayer did not seem to come. He began to despair. Next day he went to work as usual. He had eaten no breakfast, for there was no food in the house. An hour or two later, when his fellow workmen went home for breakfast, he thought it was of no use to follow their example ; he knew too well that there was nothing in the house. Yet he went home just the same.

“His wife met him at the door, smiling, and led him to an ample morning meal,” Dr. A. T. Pierson says, in his life of Mr. Johnson. “Judge his astonishment to learn that a lady from India, who had taken a house near by, had applied to his wife for some one to stay with her, and had given her four shillings, bidding her put the house in order, and promising her further payment for her services.”

Johnson's heart was touched. God had heard him and had delivered him. But how was he to glorify God ? He was a sinner, and surely God could not care for his praise. Reckless and almost despairing once more, he went out to a prayer meeting, where he heard a Moravian missionary tell of the love of the Saviour. Before he left the meeting he gave his heart to Christ.

At once he began to work for his Master. He testified for Christ among his companions, but his words seemed to have no effect but to make them scoff at him.

However, he was to have a harder test than this. Sunday work was demanded of him. Once he would have welcomed such a call ; his pay was only eighteen shillings a week, and he had need of every

extra penny he could earn. Now all was changed. He could not work on Sunday ; he was a Christian. So he gave up his position and went to the sugar warehouse, where Sunday work was not required.

Some time later he became convinced that he should offer himself to the missionary society. Yet he feared he would be rejected because he was not young, he was uneducated, and his wife was not a Christian. He began to pray for her conversion, and his prayer was answered. For a time she was not in sympathy with his purpose to devote his life to work among the heathen. Again he prayed, and once more his desire was given him. Mrs. Johnson made known to him her willingness to go with him to the ends of the earth.

The missionary candidates were accepted, and were told that they were needed in Sierra Leone. At first their courage faltered when they thought of going to this "dumping-ground for the world's refuse population, ignorant and degraded people, rescued from the holds of slave ships, or exported from overcrowded cities like London, where they had become an intolerable stench in the nostrils of the community." But new courage came to them as they recalled God's promise :

I will bring the blind by a way that they know not ;
I will lead them in paths that they have not known :
I will make darkness light before them,
And crooked things straight.
These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.

On March 11, 1816, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson sailed

for Africa. Six weeks later they reached Freetown, and it was then decided that the filthy settlement called Hogbrook, the abode of the lowest of the low, should be the scene of the labors of the devoted husband and wife.

It was a discouraging prospect before them. No one thought that anything could be done for the negroes of Hogbrook. Mr. Johnson did not know what he could do. In fact, he knew that he could do nothing. Therein lay his equipment for the work; the assurance that he could do nothing enabled him to depend wholly on God. Because he was a man of prayer, because he believed that the Word is given to help the laborer in the vineyard, and because he depended on the Holy Spirit for counsel and guidance and direction, he was abundantly fitted to undertake the discouraging task that lay before him.

He found fifteen hundred released slaves waiting to be taught. They were like wild beasts. "As Livingstone confessed a half century later in the wilds of equatorial Africa, he felt as though he were in hell itself and breathing the sulphurous atmosphere of the bottomless abyss. Such utter wretchedness and unspeakable vileness he had never before seen; and, withal, sin brought forth death literally, for six or seven died in a day."

It was difficult to make himself understood by the miserable freedmen. They had been brought from many different sections, and they spoke many dialects. Only a few knew even a smattering of English. They were so degraded that their lan-

guage could not be made to express the ideas the missionary had come so far to teach.

While studying how to begin his work, the young German lived with his wife in a leaky hut, in which the ground was his only bed. Fortunately Mrs. Johnson was able to find shelter in a better house until a fairly comfortable home could be built. No wonder her husband said that he was "in a wilderness." But (evidently in self-rebuke that he had permitted himself to make such a faultfinding statement) he added: "In the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water."

The promise was fulfilled. Somehow, within eighteen months, the place was transformed. The land about the village was cultivated under his direction. A school and a church were well filled. Dr. Pierson says that he has searched the annals of the century without finding any parallel to this far-reaching improvement, unless in the Hawaiian Island, in the Telugu Mission in India, in Banza Manteke in equatorial Africa, and in northern Formosa. Yet, he owns, what Johnson saw in Sierra Leone surpasses the events in all these places.

When Mr. Johnson asked to be sent to the foreign field, he said he wanted to teach school. As a school-teacher he was sent to Sierra Leone. He did teach school there. But he did far more. He had to do so, for there was no helper except his earnest wife. "He had to oversee blacksmiths,

SEVEN YEARS IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA

masons, carpenters, attend to storekeeping and land tilling, be a surveyor and a purveyor, teach and preach, feed bodies and feed souls, all at once."

He was not an ordained man, but how could he keep from preaching to those who so needed the Word? "I have no ability, no authority, but what can I do?" he said. "My heart is full, and if I should hold my peace, the very stones would immediately cry out." His preaching was so richly blessed that the London missionary committee decided that he must be ordained. His associates in near-by fields were called together, and he was set apart for the work of the ministry.

There were a number of conversions before his ordination. The Saturday evening prayer meeting was the scene of many confessions of faith in Christ. On one memorable Saturday evening, two young negroes cried out, "Jesus, Massa, have mercy." After the meeting the missionary found, in a house near by, a crowd of negroes conducting a service of their own. When he entered there was evidence that many of those present had found the Saviour. In his diary he said later that he had never before witnessed such a scene. He was almost overcome as he beheld the workings of God on their hearts and consciences.

A few weeks after this meeting, the Lord's Supper was celebrated with forty-one communicants. This seemed a large number to the man who had asked God to give him one soul in Hogbrook. Yet he did not make the mistake of depending on numbers. In one of his letters to the

secretary of the missionary society he said: "I cannot say how many communicants we have. The number is great; I am afraid to number them."

For the accommodation of the throngs who went to the church services a stone building was erected. Although it had accommodations for five hundred people, within four weeks it was too small for the congregations. The capacity was nearly doubled by the building of a gallery; but even so, the place was crowded. The growth of the school kept pace with the growth of the church. After a time he had ninety boys, as well as many girls. An evening school was held for adults; forty-three were enrolled. Soon there were one hundred and forty in the day school, and more wanted to come. When greater accommodations were provided, nearly two hundred and fifty availed themselves of the privilege; soon even this number was doubled.

The standard of living became higher as Christians became more numerous. The people were ashamed to be seen unclothed. They wanted better homes. Soon there were among them masons, bricklayers, carpenters, shinglemakers, smiths, sawyers, tailors, and brickmakers. Of all these artisans, the missionary was the leader and the inspirer. It is hard to say whether he was busier during the week or on Sunday. Night after night he would go to bed feeling that he could never gain strength for another day's work, but the next morning would find him beginning a new day of urgent toil. On Sunday mornings he would frequently rise from a sick bed to go to church, with the knowledge

that he had not simply one or two services before him, but as many services as could be crowded into the day. There were people, and not a few, who attended every Sunday six separate services of worship, beginning with a prayer meeting at six o'clock in the morning, then a preaching service at half-past ten, another prayer meeting at two o'clock, and the preaching service at three, and concluding the day with two more prayer meetings at six and a quarter past eight.

Soon the new converts began to show interest in giving the gospel to others. They did work among their associates, and were not disheartened when they met with rebuffs. Once, at an evening meeting, Mr. Johnson told of a poor woman who had made a gift to missions, although she had little for her own needs. "When he had done speaking four communicants spoke in behalf of the cause of missions, and asked to form a missionary society, and urged that an evening each week might be set apart for its meetings. At the opening meeting the house was full. At this meeting seventeen converts in broken English pleaded the cause of those who had not yet heard of Christ. William Tambo prayed God to send out more laborers to the regions beyond, and emphasized both his prayer and his speech by giving a half crown. Thinking that he might not understand that a monthly offering was contemplated, it was so explained to him; but his answer was, 'I know, and I will give a similar sum each month.' It was then decided that those who became members should undertake to give not less

than twopence a month, and one hundred and seven at once became subscribers, after which several of the schoolboys and girls gave their pence and halfpence. One boy, being asked where he got his money, answered : ' Me have three coppers long time by ; Massa take two, me keep one.' At the close of the meeting it was announced that next evening there would be a missionary prayer meeting on the summit of a hill near by, and that all who wished to be present were invited. To the astonishment and gratitude of the missionary, three hundred and twenty-one negroes accepted the invitation. His heart was very tender as he thought how recently these had been among the most degraded inhabitants of Hogbrook."

The progress of the Christian community in outward civilization was so great that the attention of the governor of the colony was attracted. He was delighted as he noted that what was "a desert overgrown with bush, and the dwelling place of wild men and wild beasts, was two years later a fruitful field, covered with rice, cocoa, cassavas, yams, plantains, and bananas. He saw the vilest vices and most abhorrent practices give place to habits of industry and virtue." But he was not satisfied with what he saw. If Christianity had done so much for the people, it must be made to do still more. So he called Mr. Johnson to him and ordered him to hasten the baptism of all the people. Carefully and patiently Mr. Johnson explained that he "could baptize none but those whose hearts God had touched." The governor was angry. He

threatened to write to the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the ground that the missionary sent out to make Christians refused to do so. Again the explanation was given that "there is One only who can make Christians, and he could and would baptize none but those whom he believed God had thus wrought upon." When the governor saw that the faithful missionary was not to be moved from his stand, he called him a fanatic and left him in anger.

By the illness of his wife Mr. Johnson was compelled to return to England for a time. During his absence the work at Hogbrook was given over to a substitute sent out for the purpose. His methods were so unwise that when the missionary returned he found the school abandoned, the church all but dead, the people scattered. Ruins were everywhere. "The church tower and the schoolhouse, which was being roofed in when he left, were now leveled to the ground ; the other schoolhouse, intended for the boys, was pulled down as far as the windows, and the fences were down about the yard and garden and the cultivated field. The hospital was as he had left it, no progress having been made, and all else, including the church building, was in a most deplorable state. In fact, the town was scarcely recognizable."

Mr. Johnson was bitterly grieved, but his humble spirit was shown by a letter to London, in which he said :

"I pity Mr. ———, and heartily forgive him, and pray that, if he goes out again elsewhere, he may be possessed of a more humble spirit."

Again the promise that came to him in the days of his distress before his conversion helped him. Once more he called upon God, and once more the promise of deliverance was fulfilled. The scattered church was regathered, and in a surprisingly brief time everything was as before the disastrous absence, and better.

The experience was good for the missionary, and it was good for the converts. One of the negroes one day said to him :

“Suppose somebody beat rice ; he fan it, and all the chaff fly away, and the rice get clean. Now, massa, we be in that fashion since you gone. God fan us that time for sure.”

This remarkable ability of those who had so recently given up their fetishes to appreciate the truth was shown by another convert, who asked for baptism, saying :

“Me pray to God the Holy Ghost to take me to Jesus, him to take me to the Father.”

Official notice was taken of the remarkable transformation wrought by God’s blessing on the work of Mr. Johnson and his native associates. In a report sent to the home government the local authorities gave this remarkable testimony :

“Let it be considered that not more than three or four years have passed since the greater number of Mr. Johnson’s population were taken out of the holds of slave ships, and who can compare their present condition with that from which they were rescued without seeing manifest cause to exclaim, ‘The hand of heaven is in this!’ Who can con-

trast the simple and sincere Christian worship which precedes and follows their daily labors with the groveling and malignant superstition of their original state—their gregrees, their red water, their witchcraft, and their devil's houses—without feeling and acknowledging a miracle of good which the immediate interposition of the Almighty alone could have wrought? And what greater blessing could man or nation desire or enjoy than to have been made the instruments of conferring such sublime benefits on the most abject of the human race? ”

A little later the chief justice observed that “ten years before, when the population of the colony was but four thousand, there were forty cases in the calendar for trial ; but that now, with a population of sixteen thousand, there were but six cases.” Further, there was not one case from any of the villages under the care of the missionary or the schoolmaster.

The work grew rapidly. The church was enlarged to accommodate two thousand, but still it would not accommodate the crowds. Interest in the missionary society increased. At a single meeting ten pounds were given by the people out of their poverty.

And all this had been accomplished in seven years. At the end of that time the missionary's health was so feeble that he was ordered home for rest and change. He did not live to complete the voyage, but—at less than forty years of age—passed from earth to heaven.

VIII

THE PUBLIC LIFE OF WASHINGTON GLADDEN

How a Printer's Apprentice Became a Leader of Men

IN the story of his life Washington Gladden frankly owns that he is unable to tell of world-famous ancestors. One of his great-grandfathers was a member of Washington's bodyguard, but he had no other claim to distinction, except that he trained his children to love honest work. As a shoemaker his son earned a scanty living for the family in which Washington's father was reared. As his mother's father also was a shoemaker, he was fond of quoting these lines of John G. Saxe :

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend
Without great reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the other end,
By some plebeian vocation.

In a home in Pottsgrove, Pennsylvania, ennobled by the heritage of honest toil, Washington Gladden was born February 11, 1836. His father was a schoolmaster, so he had little difficulty in learning to read ; when two years and a half old he was able to take his turn in reading Bible verses at family prayers.

The father died when the son was six years old, but the two had been such inseparable companions that the memory of his words and ways has always remained fresh in the son's mind. "I remember," he says, "the larks I had with him; toddling to school in the winter on the crust of the deep snow, which held me when he broke through at every step and I laughed merrily at him; sitting on the back of our black woolly cow, where he held me firm, and laughed at me; walking to church in the summer time."

After his father's death his mother went with her son to a former home in Owego, New York. The boy's impression of the country traversed during the journey was not very pleasant, as it was made in a sleigh in the dead of winter. But more trying still was the trip made a little later from Owego to his grandfather's home in Massachusetts. As he was the guest of a farmer who was going to Massachusetts he could only grin and bear the discomforts of which he speaks feelingly :

"The journey of perhaps two hundred and fifty miles was made on a one-horse buggy of somewhat spacious dimensions, which carried a small trunk behind the single seat whereon sat the farmer with a babe in his arms, and which admitted a round cheese box next to the dashboard, that held the provisions for the journey and served as a seat for me. How many days we were on the road I do not remember; it must have been a week. What a weariness it was! The roads were rough, the inns primitive, the weather often harsh, and a small boy

of seven who sat numb and cramped through all those days of torture might well be skeptical concerning the pleasure of travel."

Just once during the week was a railway train sighted. Then the driver tried to make his horse run a race with the engine, but soon was compelled to own himself hopelessly defeated.

During the year's stay in Massachusetts he had the first of many childhood experiences as a worker for wages. When he was eight years old he toiled from early morning till late at night, heaping up the sheaves of rye for a village farmer. At night, when he stood with other workers to receive his pay, he was given a half cent. Because he could not spend it (nothing could be bought for that modest amount) he kept the coin in his pocket, until it was lost.

On his way home to Owego he had his first experience of railway travel. The car in which he rode was a box without springs, and he sat on a bench which had neither cushion nor back. The ride was one long torture, and he rejoiced when it was possible for him to transfer to a slow canal boat.

When he reached home, he was apprenticed to an uncle, on whose farm he was to work until he was twenty-one. For his services he was to receive board and clothes and have the privilege of attending a few short hours of school. When he came of age he was to have a suit of clothes and his choice of a good horse or one hundred dollars in cash.

There was no lack of work on that pioneer farm. The owner set the example of ceaseless industry, and others followed his lead. Before long the

young apprentice knew how to use the axe and the saw, the hoe and the spade and the rake. Then came the necessity of mastering the scythe and the plow and the grain cradle. Before he was sixteen he was doing a man's work.

Although the schools were primitive, he was able, before he was sixteen, to complete a very satisfactory course. During the earlier terms he was handicapped by the system which permitted each pupil to study his lessons in whatever books his parents had for him. In later terms, however, he was fortunate to have as teacher a young medical student who taught in the winter in order to earn money for his own school expenses. His more modern notions enabled the ambitious boy to make more rapid progress.

When he was sixteen his uncle proposed that he leave the farm, not because he could be spared well, but because it was apparent that his tastes lay in other directions. Learning that the proprietor of the *Owego Gazette* wanted a boy, he applied for the position and was accepted as printer's apprentice. He was to live with his employer for four years, and, in addition to board and washing, was to receive in successive years thirty, forty, sixty and one hundred dollars.

Dreams of the literary career which he thought was to open out before him in his new position were dashed when he was set at the usual drudgery of the latest comer in a printing office. He soon learned that he had more to do with sweeping the office, tending the fires, running the old Washington hand-

press, washing rollers, scrubbing the forms, and running errands than with typesetting. When first a stick and rule were put in his hands he felt happy, and he went to the case at every opportunity.

Putting in type the copy prepared by others made him ambitious. After a few months he gathered courage to prepare a budget of local news and gossip, which he laid on the editor's table. Almost immediately this was brought to his case, and he was instructed to set it up. Thereafter he was encouraged to do local work whenever he wished. Soon he was looked upon as one of the editorial staff.

It was inevitable that politics should come to demand a larger share of the time of the young newspaper man than mere local news. Those were the days when the sentiment of the North was crystallizing in opposition to slavery. Owego had its part in the discussion on the great subject of conversation and editorial writing. The young apprentice rejoiced in the opportunity to listen to discussions and to report them for the paper. When he was eighteen he was actively engaged in political affairs, for then he became secretary of the local lodge of Good Templars. The lodges of the neighboring counties were uniting on a candidate for the legislature, and it was Gladden's duty to conduct the correspondence with other lodges, and so to be in the thick of the contest. When the candidate was elected, in 1854, he felt that he had had some worthy part in the result.

In 1855, the budding politician, having united

with the Church, began to make definite plans for a larger future than he had yet dreamed of. The way was opened for him to enter Owego Academy. Beyond the academy he thought of college, and after that the Christian ministry was his dream.

He threw himself into his academic work with all the ardor that had characterized him in the printing office. For six days in the week he averaged fourteen or fifteen hours a day in study. He found his chief delight in Latin and Greek. His interest in these studies was all the greater because his reading of ancient heroes was mingled with the reports that came to the retired village of stirring events in Kansas and elsewhere on the border. He excelled in the classroom, but he also took a prominent part in village politics. In one campaign he wrote a song which was used by the Republican Glee Club as a part of all its programs.

In September, 1856, he was able to enter Williams College as a sophomore. There he remained for three years, rejoicing in the opportunity to study under such a man as Mark Hopkins. His expenses for the entire period were less than nine hundred dollars. His board cost him only a little more than two dollars a week. In the long winter vacation, from Thanksgiving until late in January, he taught school, rejoicing in this arrangement of the school year made for the benefit of self-supporting students.

His knack for newspaper work made him an acceptable reporter of college doings for the *Springfield Republican*. The editor was J. G. Holland, and the

privilege of having his writings appear on the same page with Dr. Holland's helped the student ; he felt humbled by the thought that there was such a contrast between his efforts and the work of the master. Once the editor printed a few lines of praise in connection with a poem of his, and he was encouraged to go on in the difficult way he had marked out for himself.

College days were succeeded by a brief experience as principal of the Owego schools, where he hoped to earn funds for his professional studies. But he was not permitted to carry out his plans. He was persuaded by the Susquehannah association of Congregational ministers to accept licensure in order that he might be of use as a speaker at schoolhouses and in small churches. In January, 1860, the Congregational Church at LeRoysville, Pennsylvania, asked him to become pastor. The school was given up, and the call was accepted.

He was tempted to regret this hasty beginning of pastoral responsibilities when, on arriving at his field, he was informed that he had been announced to preach that evening, as well as on the two evenings following, and twice on the succeeding Sunday. He had no stock of sermons, and he had enjoyed little schooling that would help him in the emergency. Yet he had to plunge in. He did his best, thinking to rest and study the next week. But the special meetings were continued, and for eight weeks he repeated the strenuous program of the first week, varying it sometimes by adding one or two more services.

Soon he decided that after a year or two of practical work he would go to the seminary for the instruction he needed. Again his plans were not destined to be carried out. In May, 1860, he was settled in Brooklyn, in charge of the First Congregational Church. He thought he would be able to take studies at Union Theological Seminary in connection with his pastorate, but once more his dream of a seminary training was left unfulfilled; the claims made by the church on his time were too great.

The burden of a city pastorate during the early days of the Civil War, when the sentiments of many about him were wavering, and he was under the necessity of doing what he could to lead the people in loyal paths, speedily became too great for him, and he was threatened with a nervous breakdown. Leaving Brooklyn, he took a small church in Morrisania. Here he remained to the close of the war. As the demands on his time were not so great here, it was possible for him to attend lectures at Union Seminary and read in the city libraries.

In 1866 he became pastor of the Congregational Church of North Adams, Massachusetts, a factory town where he had abundant opportunity to study the problems of capital and labor which, even then, were beginning to claim a share of the attention of thinking men.

Five years in the Massachusetts field, where the pastor made many excursions into literature, were followed by four years as an editor of the *New York Independent*. This employment was most congenial,

but it was given up for conscientious reasons; he could not reconcile himself to connection with a paper which frequently printed advertisements as if they were editorial opinion. When his remonstrances were not effectual in bringing about a change, he returned to the pastorate. During eight years in Springfield, Massachusetts, he found himself once more in the midst of labor problems, and he did his best to apply the principles of the gospel to their solution.

The crowning service of his life began in Columbus, Ohio, in 1882, where he became pastor of the Congregational church. Since that time he has been not only a pastor and preacher of ever-increasing power, and an author of note (twenty-six of the thirty-two volumes credited to him have been written since 1882) but he has been a pastor to be reckoned with in labor controversies, and he had had a hand in correcting many political abuses. Two instances of this political service are notable.

Until 1884 the Ohio state election always preceded the national election by a month. Owing to this fact, every four years the state was in turmoil from June to November, business suffered, the colonization of illegal voters was invited, the period of bribery was prolonged, and public morality was injured. There were many who saw the evils of the system, but there was no one courageous enough to tackle the situation till Dr. Gladden came to the city.

Now it requires a brave man to think of persuading a state to amend the constitution, all by him-

self. But Dr. Gladden has always been known as a brave man. He made a beginning by writing a petition asking for the change, and secured the signatures of a number of leading men from both parties. This was printed in the newspapers, as well as in circular form, and was mailed at his own expense and by his own hand to representative men in every county. The people took hold with such a vim that the legislature was persuaded to submit the amendment. The people promptly ordered it. "It was all done without holding a single public meeting, or making a speech, or appointing a committee," Dr. Gladden has said. "It cost me a few dollars for printing and postage, and it cost nobody else, so far as I know, one cent."

Again, in 1900, he rendered signal service on learning that a ring had been formed among the members of the city council, whose terms were then expiring, to reëlect themselves and to levy tribute, in the coming council, on those public-service corporations which would be applying to that council for an extension of their franchises. Dr. Gladden announced himself as a candidate for the council in opposition to the member from his ward, who was a gang man. He did not canvass for the place, but his neighbors were glad of the chance to elect him. He served two years, making some mistakes, but taking a useful part in the battle for the public with the street railway company, the gas company, the electric light company, and several interurban railway companies.

Thus for more than fifty years, in Pennsylvania,

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in Massachusetts, in New York, and in Ohio, Dr. Gladden has been serving his fellow men in the church, in society, in politics. The dreams of the boy in the Owego printing office have been abundantly fulfilled.

IX

CALLED TO SAVE SOULS

The Strenuous Life of John Wesley

“ IF men may be measured by the work they have accomplished, John Wesley can hardly fail to be recorded as the greatest figure that has appeared in the religious world since the days of the Reformation.”

Because this judgment of John Richard Green, the historian of the English people, has been so universally indorsed, there was wide-spread interest in the celebration, on June 17, 1903, of the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the founder of Methodism.

Every biographer of this Christian hero dwells at length on the influence of his mother, Susannah Wesley, in shaping his life. She was a remarkable woman. The mother of nineteen children, she found time to train every member of her household to right-living. In the midst of great poverty, her trust in God did not falter. The lessons learned from her, John Wesley never forgot.

When John was five years old, the rectory was burned, and the lad was saved when death seemed certain. In her journal, the mother recorded her determination “to be more particularly careful of the soul of this child ” whom God had so mercifully

provided for, and "to endeavor to instill into his mind the principles of true religion and virtue." Then she added the prayer, "Lord, give me grace to do it sincerely and prudently, and bless my attempts with good success."

Years later, when "the brand plucked from the burning," as she lovingly called him, was a poor student at Oxford, she wrote him a letter of which any son might be proud :—

"DEAR JACK :

"I am uneasy because I have not heard from you. If all things fail, I hope God will not forsake us. We have still his good providence to depend on. Dear Jack, be not discouraged. Do your duty. Keep close to your studies and hope for better days. Perhaps, after all, we shall pick up a few crumbs for you before the end of the year.

"Dear Jack, I beseech Almighty God to bless thee.

"SUSANNAH WESLEY."

Samuel Wesley, the father, while rather impractical, was a man of earnest purpose. The memory of his life of self-denying labor in the ministry surely had its influence in nerving "Son John" to the deeds which startled England during half a century. He never forgot his mission to men. On one occasion, he was thrown into prison for debt. Instead of repining, he looked about him for opportunities of helping his fellow prisoners. In his own words, "I don't despair of doing some good here, and it may be I can do more in this parish than in my old one ; for I have leave to read prayers every morning and afternoon here in the prison, and to

preach once a Sunday. And I'm getting acquainted with my brother jail-birds as fast as I can, and shall write to London, next post, to the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, which, I hope, will send me some books to distribute."

When, at the age of eleven, John Wesley went to the famous Charterhouse School and found himself the butt of cheap jokes because he was a charity student, he was the better able to bear his trials because of the training of such a father and mother.

At Oxford, his circumstances were somewhat better, especially when, by hard study, he won a fellowship. The income from this was, at first, thirty pounds a year. Of this sum, he gave away two pounds. When, later, he received sixty pounds, he did not increase his expenditures, but gave away thirty-two pounds. One day, when he had no money to give a hungry beggar, he lamented his prodigal expenditures on himself, and resolved to be more careful! This early habit of generous giving he retained through life. When he was eighty-six years old, he wrote in his journal: "I save all I can, to give all I can: that is, all I have."

While at Oxford, he gathered a number of his fellows about him and formed a club for purposes of profit to themselves and help to others. The members read together, visited the sick and the prisoners, and prayed with condemned criminals. Those who did not understand their purpose, or who felt condemned by their example, ridiculed them. The name "The Holy Club" was given to them by some; by others they were called "Methodists."

Not satisfied with ridicule, many of their opponents persecuted the earnest young men. Wesley wrote his father of the persecution. In his answer, Samuel Wesley exhorted him to steadfastness, and added that since his son had been called the father of The Holy Club, he might be called the grandfather, and he would glory in the name.

After the death of his father, Wesley was urged to go as a missionary to Georgia, then a new settlement. He was attracted by the call, but thought he ought not to leave his widowed mother. However, when she learned his desire, she bade him go, saying: "Had I twenty sons, I should rejoice that they were all so employed, though I should never see them more."

The visit to America turned the course of the young minister's life. He declared in his journal that he went to Georgia hoping to save his soul by works of self-denial and righteousness. But, on the voyage out from England, he met some Moravian missionaries, who opened his eyes to the fact that there was something lacking in his spiritual experience. When, after some years in America, he returned home, he realized that he needed to know more of salvation by faith. On the advice of Peter Böhler, a young Moravian, he determined to preach with all his might the gospel of faith, in the hope that the light would break into his own soul. His purpose was carried out, and, on May 24, his hope was realized. He called that the date of his true conversion.

In the meantime, he had preached so earnestly

and personally that the doors of many Established churches were closed to him. He was even refused admission to the old church at Epworth. There-upon he stepped on his father's tomb and preached with such earnestness and power that many were converted.

Shut out of the Church of England, to which he had always been loyal, but determined to obey God's call to preach, he found his opportunities in the streets and in the fields. Out-of-door preaching was not easy for a man of his traditions and training. All his life he had been, as he said, "so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order" that he was tempted to think "the saving of souls almost a sin if not done in a church." But he saw his duty clearly, and, with the sublime statement, "All the world is my parish," he began his laborious travels, which lasted forty years, to and fro throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland.

Augustine Birrell has called Wesley's own story of these years "the most amazing record of human exertion ever penned or endured," and adds: "He made his journeys for the most part on horseback. He paid more turnpikes than any man who ever bestrode a beast. Eight thousand miles was his annual record for many a long year, during each of which he seldom preached less frequently than a thousand times. He visited again and again the most out-of-the-way districts, the remotest corners of England, places which to-day lie far from the searcher after the picturesque. None but the sturdiest of pedestrians, the most determined of cyclists,

can retrace the steps of Wesley and his horse, and stand by the rocks and the natural amphitheatres in Cornwall and Northumberland, in Lancashire and Berkshire, where he preached the gospel to the heathen.”

During these years of toil, the life of the itinerant preacher was often threatened by mobs which had been inflamed against him. One evening he was captured by roughs. They held him by the collar, while one man struck him in the breast, and another on the mouth, until he was covered with blood. Then they dragged him to a neighboring village and carried him through the main street. Undaunted, he asked leave to preach. “No! no!” was the reply; “knock his brains out; kill him at once.” Then he began to pray, whereupon one ruffian cried out, “I will spend my life for you; follow me, and no one shall hurt a hair of your head.” So, at ten o’clock that night, Wesley found himself in safe quarters, “having lost only one flap of my waistcoat, and a little skin from my hands,” as his journal records.

Another experience he described as follows: “The rabble brought a bull they had been baiting, and strove to drive it among the people. But the bull was wiser than his drivers; it ran on either side of us, while we quietly sang praise to God and prayed. They drove the bull against the table. I put aside his head with my hand, that the blood might not drop upon my clothes.” On another occasion, “they drove cows among the congregation, and threw stones, one of which struck me between

the eyes. But I felt no pain at all, and, when I had wiped away the blood, went on testifying that God hath not given us the spirit of fear."

It has been estimated that Wesley traveled two hundred and ninety thousand miles in all, and preached more than forty thousand sermons, most of them in the open air. Yet he found time to read more than two thousand volumes, to edit a monthly magazine, and to write more than two hundred volumes, including works on history, philosophy, literature, electricity and theology. Some one has said with truth: "Few men could have traveled as much as he, had they omitted all else. Few could have preached as much, without either travel or study. And few could have written and published as much, had they avoided both travel and preaching."

A Mr. Fletcher, who traveled with him for a time, wrote: "Though oppressed with the weight of seventy years and the care of thirty thousand souls, he shames still, by his unabated zeal and immense labors, all the young ministers of England. He has generally blown the gospel trumpet and ridden twenty miles before the most of the professors, who despise his labors, have left their downy pillows."

No wonder he wrote, after a quiet day in study at the home of a friend: "How willingly could I spend the residue of a busy life in this delightful retirement. But

" ' Man was not born in shades to lie.

Up and be doing ! Labor on, till death

Sings a requiem to the parting soul.' "

He did labor on, until, at eighty-seven years of age, he preached his last sermon in the open air. A few months longer he continued his work, visiting some of the towns where mobs had sought to harm him. Here, as everywhere, he was given a hearty welcome, men of all classes thronging to hear him preach in the chapels.

On February 3, 1791, he preached for the last time, concluding his sermon by singing words written by his brother Charles :—

Oh, that without a lingering groan
I may that welcome word receive ;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live.

His prayer was answered. Four weeks later, the Father of Methodism passed away. His last words appear on his monument in Westminster Abbey :

“ The best of all is, God is with us.”

X

THE APOSTLE TO THE LAO

Daniel McGilvary's Half Century of Eager Preaching

DANIEL MCGILVARY'S Highland Scotch grandparents emigrated from the Isle of Skye to North Carolina in 1789. There he was born May 16, 1828, the youngest of seven children. His mother died a few months later, and his father passed away when the boy was thirteen years old. But these thirteen years were enough to impress on the lad his father's trust in God. Training at the family altar and in the church, four miles away—to which every member of the family was expected to go every Sabbath—bore fruit when Daniel became a member of the old family church at Buffalo.

After his father's death, Daniel, finding it necessary to make his own living, went to Pittsboro with a distant relative to learn the tailor's trade. At intervals he attended the Pittsboro Academy, and so was prepared for the invitation that came to him when he was seventeen to attend the celebrated Bingham School in Pittsboro, now located at Asheville, North Carolina. With gratitude he accepted the principal's proposal to wait for him to pay all bills till he should complete his career by teaching and earn the money required.

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In accordance with the plans made for him, he began teaching immediately after his graduation in 1849. For one year he was in charge of a new preparatory school in Pittsboro, and for three years more he was principal of the academy in which he had been a pupil before entering the Bingham School. While teaching, he served as elder in the Pittsboro church and superintendent of the Sunday school.

During his three years at Princeton Theological Seminary, which immediately followed the years of teaching, he tried to persuade himself that his services were needed on the home mission field. In order to prove this to his own satisfaction, he spent the summer of 1855 in Texas as agent of the American Sunday-school Union, but he was disappointed in his quest of a field where Christ was not preached.

On returning to the seminary he listened to an appeal made by Dr. S. H. House in behalf of Siam, then recently opened to the gospel by the action of King Maha Mongkut. "My hesitation was ended," he said. "Here was not merely a village or a parish, but a whole kingdom, just waking from its long, dark, hopeless sleep. Every sermon I preached there might be to those who had never heard that there is a God in heaven who made them, or a Saviour from sin." With a classmate, Jonathan Wilson, he promised Dr. House to give the claims of Siam most serious thought.

During the senior year another appointment was made to the Siam mission, and the young men

thought they could listen to American calls, and Mr. McGilvary accepted an invitation to supply two churches near his old home. At the end of a year he was invited to become pastor. His old presbytery had dismissed him and arrangements were soon to be made for his ordination and installation.

Then came news from Siam. The missionary who had gone out immediately after the visit of Dr. House to the seminary was soon to return, an invalid. The meager force on the field would be still further weakened by necessary changes.

Duty was clear. Mr. McGilvary asked for appointment to Siam. When he went to the old home of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions at 23 Center Street, he encountered on the steps his old classmate, Jonathan Wilson, who announced that he, too, was on his way to Siam and that Mrs. Wilson was going along. The three sailed on the clipper ship *David Brown*, on March 11, 1858. On June 20, 1858, they landed at the mission compound in Bangkok.

While studying the language Mr. McGilvary was given charge of a class in the mission school. There were five boys and one girl, Tuan, whose family became one of the most influential in the church. Her two sons, the late Boon-Itt and Elder Boon Yee of the First Church in Chiangmai, have been among the very best fruits of the mission. The teacher insisted that his share in their training was of the slightest; this was only a sample of his modesty.

During these preliminary years the young mission-

ary began those exploring trips through the country for which he became famous. His most important tour was made in 1859 to Petchaburi. He was asked by the Pra Pralat, or governor, to move to that city, where he might teach as much Christianity as he pleased, if he would teach the Pralat's son English. He felt that the opening thus made could not be rejected, and, after his return to Bangkok, he soon completed preparations for removal. But an epidemic of cholera in Bangkok compelled him to change his plans, and Petchaburi was neglected for a time. But Mr. McGilvary, or Dr. McGilvary, as he soon became known, had pointed out the location, as he was later to point out the location for each of the present mission stations among the Lao, "long before committees formally sanctioned the wisdom of his choice."

Dr. and Mrs. House were later sent to Petchaburi, but a severe fall interfered with Dr. House's work, and it became necessary to send Dr. McGilvary in his place. In June, 1861, in company with another newly arrived missionary and his wife, he started for Petchaburi. But he was not to occupy the new home alone; with him was his wife, Sophie Royce Bradley, daughter of Dr. D. B. Bradley, whom he had married in Bangkok, December 6, 1860. In all his future work Mrs. McGilvary was a most effective helper.

During his stay in Petchaburi, Dr. McGilvary became much interested in a colony of the Lao people in the city, who were employed as slaves on government works. They came from the Lao

States to the north, now a part of Siam, but then buffer states between Siam and Burma, nominally independent, but actually under the protection of the King of Siam. Work among them intensified the desire (already aroused by the Prince of Chiengmai, whom Dr. McGilvary met just after his marriage) to do pioneer work among these cousins of the Siamese.

More than two years after the beginning of residence in Petchaburi the way opened for a trip of exploration to distant Chiengmai. Bearing a passport and a letter from Bangkok, Dr. McGilvary, in company with Mr. Wilson, started. On the way they missed Prince Choa Kawilorot of Chiengmai by taking the canal while he took the river on his way to Bangkok. This was a fortunate occurrence, for the prince would probably have discouraged their mission.

The journey, by boat and on elephant back, required forty-nine days. As the missionaries passed through the country they preached the gospel. In Chiengmai they remained only ten days, "but one day would have been sufficient to convince us," Dr. McGilvary wrote enthusiastically. "I, at least, left it with the joyful hope of its becoming the field of my life work."

After the trip Mr. Wilson went at once to the United States, and tried to persuade another family to go to Siam with him for service in Chiengmai. He failed, and on returning to Siam, declared that he could not go to the new station for another year. Dr. McGilvary felt that no further time could be

lost, so he sought the Prince of Chiangmai, who was then on a visit to Bangkok, and succeeded in securing permission to enter his dominion. The prince promised a site for buildings, and protection in the work. On January 3, 1867, the difficult journey was undertaken. A month was required to toil up the thirty-two rapids beyond Reheng. Chiangmai was reached on April 3, 1867.

The prince was absent and the missionary family was compelled to take up quarters in a public guest house outside the city. A family of six was to be cared for in a single room! Here they remained for a year.

Visitors trooped from the city to see the strange foreigners. These attentions were not always pleasant, but the missionaries were eager to use their opportunity. They told their errand, and laid the foundations of future success as they presented the gospel to their visitors. Possibly the very first convert heard the message from patient Mrs. McGilvary at one of those meetings.

Dr. McGilvary was not a physician, but he soon had opportunity to administer simple remedies to the people, and his reputation was increased by his success. It was five hundred miles to the nearest physician, so he could not resist the pleas of the sufferers from goiter, then a very common malady there. A simple ointment proved to be most effective in the early stages of the disease.

A little later an epidemic of smallpox opened the way for the vaccination of hundreds. The treatment was so successful that the missionary was

asked to vaccinate the grandson of the reigning prince. Unfortunately, the lad died from dysentery soon afterwards. The parents did not blame the missionaries, but the prince felt that they were responsible.

One by one men and women accepted Christ, among these being a native doctor and a Buddhist leader. The prince was displeased because of their defection from the old religion; he felt this was a prophecy that his power would soon wane. He took advantage of a failure in the rice crop to say that the missionaries were bringing disaster on the country. Then he plotted the death of the native Christians. Pretending that they had ignored an order to bring in, each man, a slab of hewn timber to repair the city stockade, he had four of them arrested, carried to the jungle and clubbed to death.

The first knowledge the missionaries had of the trouble was the desertion of their servants. When they learned the truth they began to fear that their own lives would be sacrificed. Dr. McGilvary wrote of this time of trial: "We actually began writing the history of those days on the margin of books in the library, so that if we were never heard from again, some of the precedent circumstances of our end might then, perhaps, come to light."

Finally word was sent to Bangkok, and on November 26, 1869, a Royal Commissioner arrived to inquire into the prince's conduct. At first the ruler declared he was within his rights, but when Dr. McGilvary boldly denounced his action, he owned that he had killed the men because they had

become Christians, and he said he would kill everyone who did the same. The commissioner advised the missionaries to withdraw, and Dr. McDonald and Mr. Wilson, who had come to Dr. McGilvary's assistance, desired to do so. But the pioneer felt that he must not abandon the field. So, though report was sent to America that the mission had been broken up, Dr. McGilvary still held the fort. The prince gave permission for this till he went to Bangkok, and returned to his capital.

But the prince never returned. He died on the journey home. A new ruler took his place who was more favorable to the missionaries. Their work was undisturbed. They were permitted to build new homes in place of the bamboo houses in which Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. McGilvary had suffered torture by reason of the dust from the borers in the bamboo which constantly filled the air and poisoned the lungs. In company with Dr. Vrooman, the mission's first physician, an extended tour of exploration was completed.

An important stage in the progress of the mission among the Lao was marked by the marriage, in 1878, of two Christians. According to custom, the tribal head of the family demanded payment of the spirit-fee, designed to furnish a feast to the spirits. (The Lao were in bondage to their belief in spirits.) The patriarch in this case was a bitter opponent of Christianity. The fee was refused, as a matter of Christian principle, and appeal was made to the commissioner of the King of Siam, who had recently been sent to the country. He advised an appeal to

the prince, and from him to the Uparat, a relative of the prince, who had a good deal to say about the conduct of affairs. The appeal was in vain; the Uparat thought he could put a stop to the advance of Christianity by standing in the way of the marriage of the Christians. The marriage was postponed, and an appeal was made to the King of Siam, by the kind offices of the United States Consul. As a result the king issued an edict of religious toleration, which marked the end of the mission's second period of struggle.

Then began the period of marvelous development and growth. Tours of exploration were made to all parts of the Lao State, and station after station was planted. Some of these tours were made in company with missionary colleagues, while native evangelists were the only companions at other times. One long tour, in 1890, Dr. McGilvary made with his daughter. Everywhere he went he preached the gospel. Men and women turned from their old ways by scores and by hundreds, until the Chiangmai Church became one of the strongest churches in mission lands, and a number of other stations had strong organization. Schools for girls were developed, and a boys' school was started, which became the Prince Royal's College, where, in 1906, the Crown Prince of Siam laid the foundation stone of the new recitation hall.

So engrossed was Dr. McGilvary in his varied work that during fifty-three years of service in Siam and among the Lao he took but three furloughs. Through all the years Mrs. McGilvary was his right

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hand. When, on December 6, 1910, the veteran missionaries celebrated their golden wedding, the King of Siam sent a congratulatory message and they received a large silver tray, on which was engraved: "The Christian people of Chiengmai to Dr. and Mrs. McGilvary, in memory of your having brought the gospel of Jesus Christ to us forty-three years ago."

Even at the age of eighty-two Dr. McGilvary was not ready to lay down his work. He toiled to the very end and made his last itinerating journey but a short time before his death. Only a little while after his return he passed from earth to heaven. This was on August 23, 1911.

"The Lao country had never seen such a funeral as that which marked the close of this memorable life," Dr. Arthur J. Brown writes. "Princes, Governors, and High Commissioners of State sorrowed with multitudes of common people. The business of Chiengmai was suspended, offices were closed and flags hung at half-mast as the silent form of the great missionary was borne to its last resting-place in the land to which he was the first bringer of enlightenment and whose history can never be written without large recognition of his achievements."

This summary of his life work is also in the words of Dr. Brown: "He laid the foundations of medical work, introducing quinine and vaccination among a people scourged by malaria and smallpox, a work which has now developed into five hospitals and a leper asylum. He began educational work, which

is now represented by eight boarding-schools and twenty-two elementary schools, and is fast expanding into a college, a medical college, and a theological seminary. He was the evangelist who won its first converts, founded the first church, and had a prominent part in founding twenty other churches, and in developing a Lao Christian church of 4,205 communicants."

XI

THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD WAS HIS PULPIT

*“ Maclaren of Manchester ” and His Tremendous
Service*

ALEXANDER MACLAREN, being a Scotchman, might have been born in a Covenanter family but for the fact that his grandmother was dismissed from membership because she absented herself from her own church that she might hear a missionary sermon.

Alexander was eleven years old (he was born February 12, 1826) when he was baptized. Four or five years later, when the family removed to London, and he began to study for the ministry, he was an “intellectual young man, with delicate features, broad forehead, and pointed chin—decidedly the face which would interest any student of physiognomy, not by its striking appearance so much as by its gentle charm.”

At once the young student began to make addresses to Sunday schools. He was only seventeen when he preached his first sermon from the text, “Whom having not seen, ye love.” Those who heard him felt that his father, who was himself a lay preacher of ability, had been right in his

judgment that the boy had in him the making of a preacher. But he had another inheritance from his father in addition to aptitude for preaching. David Maclaren was a shrewd business man, and Alexander united business sagacity with preaching ability.

When young Maclaren appeared before the committee of Stepney College, London, seeking admission to the theological course, he surprised the examiners by the way in which he passed a rather stiff examination.

Maclaren's fellow students were attracted by him, in spite of his shy, retiring ways, and his aversion to student frolics. They soon made up their minds that he would be an unusually successful man. His attainments in Hebrew and in other studies seemed to justify this judgment. But it was when they heard him preach that they were most emphatic in their prophecies of the future. He was a thorough-going Bible student, but he delighted, at that early date, in the exposition of Scripture, which later made him famous.

In connection with his theological studies, he worked for and secured his arts degree from the University of London.

His services were so much in demand in the churches that he had few opportunities to hear the ministers of the city, but whenever he found this possible he would go to hear one or two speakers who attracted him. From them he learned many things that made him even more acceptable to the churches. The people of Portland Chapel, Southampton, were so pleased with him that they in-

sisted that he become their pastor without waiting to complete his course. He accepted the call when he was only twenty years old.

One who heard him in the days of that first pastorate says that he "had a marvelous gift for going direct to the heart of any theme. He seemed to split a text into three divisions with such a certainty and ability that as you listened you could not conceive of the subject being divided to better advantage in any other way. If you had ever heard him preach on a text, you found it very difficult to forget his way of treating the subject, and the result would be that you had to leave that text alone."

The young minister may have had a city charge, but he did not have a metropolitan salary. The church building would seat eight hundred people, but the membership was only twenty; the congregation was only fifty, and they felt they could not pay more than eighty pounds, without a house. There was need, then, for the exercise of all his inherited business ability if he would make ends meet.

He was not dissatisfied with the conditions, however. On the contrary, he was pleased that he was in a place where he could have time for study, and could "learn his business," to use his own expression. "I thank God that I was stuck down in a quiet, little obscure place to begin my ministry," he said in after years, when speaking of the years in Southampton. Once, at a breakfast attended by ministers, he said: "What spoils half of you young fellows is that you get pitchforked into prominent positions at once, and then fritter yourselves away

in all manner of little engagements that you call duties—going to this tea meeting, that anniversary, and other breakfast celebrations, instead of stopping at home and reading your Bibles and getting near to God. I thank God for the early days of struggle and obscurity.”

Things moved slowly at the chapel, but Maclaren was not discouraged. The ability to look on the humorous side of things that had attracted the attention of his college mates now stood him in good stead. “During the first five years you could have had a pew all to yourself, and another for your hat,” he said.

Yet many of these pews were filled. The fame of the earnest young preacher spread through Southampton, and from all sections people came to hear him.

From the first day of his ministry he was a hard student. He realized that “the secret of success for a minister is that he shall concentrate his intellectual force on the one work of preaching.” He put into practice the idea he thus expressed. He was careful in the choice of his words. Frequently he would pause in his sermon in order to select the exact word he wanted to express his meaning. It is said that when he found the word it was always worth the pause. Every day he translated a chapter in the Old Testament Hebrew and the New Testament Greek, and rose from the exercise ready for more of his wonderful expository sermons.

He did not make the mistake of thinking that he could afford to confine himself to his study. He

delighted to go out to the seashore. He would frequently take a book and a lunch of cheese and biscuits and stroll into the country. From these walks he would return with thoughts that helped him to put the results of his morning study in helpful and attractive form.

It is apparent, then, that he was not one of those who are looking for the path where life would be easiest. He did not want an easy life, and he did not sympathize with others who chose the way of least resistance. Once he put in words one of the moving impulses of his life when he said to a company of students: "Every effort you make, every conscientious grappling with some obstinate problem, every microscopic analysis of some obscure sentence, helps to strengthen faculties and form habits, without which you will never do all the good you might have done, because you will never, without these, be all the men you might have been."

After twelve ripening years at Southampton, Dr. Maclaren went to Union Chapel, Manchester. In this field he had an advantage he did not have when beginning work at Southampton: he was not alone. Two years before he had married his cousin, who proved a wonderful help to him in every way. Of her the husband once said: "We read and thought together, . . . we worked and bore together, and her courage and deftness made toil easy and charmed away difficulties. . . . She was my guide, my inspirer, my corrector, my reward. Of all human formative influences on my character and life, hers was the strongest and the best."

Manchester was won just as Southampton had been won. The chapel was crowded. To the prayer meeting came people from many other churches and from no church at all. It was not an unusual thing to see a Catholic priest present and taking delight in the wonderful exposition of Scripture. Theological students came in numbers, counting these meetings an important part of their course.

The church grew rapidly, but not more rapidly than the pastor. A handsome building was erected, and one after another three missions were started, which soon grew to impressive size. In all this extension work Dr. Maclaren took part, but most of the details he left to other leaders, whom he seemed to know just how to choose and inspire.

But it was as a preacher that Dr. Maclaren did his largest work. His preaching was with power, because he preached Christ. "I have tried to preach Christ as if I believed in him," he said once. "I have tried to preach him as if I lived on him." The fruit of living on Christ during the week was apparent on Sunday, when the rich Bible truth flowed from his lips like water from a faucet, seemingly without effort. But it was because of the intense preparation that he was able to speak so freely. He did not write his sermons beyond the first two or three sentences, which were to "give the boat a shove off," as he said. Once he delivered a memorized address, but he resolved never to make the attempt again. On a few occasions he used a manuscript, but he chafed under the limitations of his paper, longing for the direct, electrical contact

with his hearers given by extemporaneous speech, and this led him to abandon the plan.

Sometimes he was complimented on his remarkable facility in speaking. On one such occasion he remarked that his facility had come only as the result of toil. At Southampton he forced himself to gain command of style for his spoken sermons by the study of the English poets and other masters of style. On those long walks in the country, to which reference has been made, he would study a passage from one of his books. "Lying on the sward, or pacing up and down, he would declaim the immortal verse, until at last the wide vocabulary and the melody became part of his own mental being. In the evening he would sit up late into the night writing with amazing industry reams of essays, volumes of literary studies, to be torn up in the morning. But these labors left their mark upon him, and they account for the vivid and perfect pictures, the clear and accurate phrasing, the finish and power of the sermons with which the Manchester ministry began."

One evidence of his greatness was the fact that he knew his own limitations. He felt that he was not one of the ministers who could give his strength to many things. It was necessary to concentrate if he would work effectively. "This one thing I do," was his motto. And he lived up to it. He was loath to accept public appointments. He seldom went to "ministers' fraternal," as ministers' Monday meetings are called in Manchester. Whenever he felt that he could do this justly, he

responded to invitations to preach elsewhere in the city. But he was slow to respond to calls to preach in other cities. When invited to become pastor of London churches he turned resolutely away from the temptation, resolved to give his life to Manchester.

Fame came to him unsought, and it was unrecognized. He seemed surprised to think that the world should pay so much attention to him. When his first volume, "Sermons Preached in Manchester," was published, the reception given to it by critic and reader amazed him. The popularity of later volumes puzzled him. His humility was equaled by his appreciation of the good qualities of others. Once, after reading the life of D. L. Moody, he exclaimed: "What a wonderful man! I seem to have done simply nothing in my long life."

While he delighted in the thought of pulpit work, preaching did not come easy to him. Frequently he was in great distress because the theme he had chosen for Sunday did not open out in his mind. Sometimes Sunday morning would come, and he was still uncertain of his sermon. Then he would enter the pulpit and preach with power. After being compelled to listen to the praise which was always his reward (a reward for which he did not care) he was apt to go home feeling that he had failed. "It is over," he would say. "How I managed I cannot tell. I did my best, and I must leave it there."

His unvarying attitude toward praise was shown when a dinner was given in honor of his completion

of fifty years in the ministry. He concluded a modest speech with these words from Thomas à Kempis: "Thou art none the holier because thou art praised, and none the worse because thou art censured. What thou art, thou art; and it avails thee naught to be called any better than thou art in the sight of God." Then he added: "So I only say, while thanking you for your love and appreciation."

Two years later, on June 26, 1898, the fortieth anniversary of his pastorate in Manchester was observed. His text that day was: "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." One of his texts on the first Sunday of the pastorate was: "We preach Christ and him crucified." And all through the years he had been true to his message.

When he was seventy-four years old this pen picture of him was drawn, as he stood before a great congregation:

"A little figure it is that stands there by the table, erect and tense under the burden of years, a little frail maybe, but vigorous with spirit and life; the face refined and time-worn, square of feature and cast, one thinks, in the Gladstonian mold; hair iron gray and straight, lips firm, eyes burning, head nobly poised—a notable figure, this new one, a man of men. From the very first he claims and keeps; draws one from amidst the multitude to take a place at his feet. Not a word is wasted. Slowly, almost deliberately, the Northern burr sounding in his voice with beautiful expression and sympathy, he reads the Scriptures, and the sentences come living

from himself, winged with surety. He prays, and every plea rises true, imploring a God who surely is in the midst of us. He stands preaching, flushed now and warmed, every fiber braced, every gesture alive, his voice ringing vibrant; and quite surely one knows that here, at last, is the true preacher—a man preaching from himself.”

In 1901 Dr. Maclaren was, for the second time, president of the Baptist Union of Great Britain. He was still in excellent health, and was able to preside at all the services with grace and power. The delegates delighted to give their honor to “the most famous Baptist minister in the world.”

It was not until he was seventy-seven years old, in 1903, that he asked to be relieved of the pastorate. For twenty years he had had a capable assistant, who relieved him of many of the burdens of the parish. For several years he had himself preached only occasionally.

His retirement was marked by this estimate by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, editor of the *British Weekly*:

“It is not too much to say that Dr. Maclaren has altered the whole manner of British preaching. . . . To his own denomination he has been most loyal, and he never showed himself more heroic than in the patient drudgery he went through for the Baptist Century Fund.”

But his work was not yet done. From time to time he preached from his old pulpit. Two years later he was made president of the Baptist World Convention, which met in London in 1905, by the approval of every one of the delegates. In 1908

the semicentennial of his pastorate at Manchester was observed. Then, for two years, he gave himself to the completion of the series of volumes of exposition of the Bible, which is a monument that men will not allow to perish.

When, on May 5, 1910, came the end of the active life, the papers were full of his praise. The London *Times* said : "Maclaren will take his place among the few great preachers."

XII

THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT GIVE UP

*George Grenfell's Experiences in England and in
Africa*

IT is said by those who know the people of Cornwall that the word "sha'n't" describes a prominent trait of their character. Not that they are necessarily bullheaded; but they have a way of being very tenacious of their opinions, and when they make up their minds that a certain course of action should be pursued, they will pursue it. Naturally, then, an earnest Christian Cornishman is able to use and act the word "sha'n't" in a way most disconcerting to the enemies of right-living.

A young "sha'n't" was born at Penzance, in Cornwall, on August 21, 1849. His name was George Grenfell. How he became one of the world's foremost missionaries as well as one of the explorers who endured great hardships that the interior of Africa might be opened to Christian settlement, is a fascinating narrative that clearly illustrates how "sha'n't" may be an indication not of obstinacy, but of sterling Christian character.

George was a wholesome boy, who liked to have a good time. Like other boys, he was more than once severely punished for battling with companions

in defense of his own opinions. However, he was more careful in the use of his fists after he became a Christian, when he was about thirteen years old.

At once he began to think of devoting his life to mission work. Several years earlier he had read Livingstone's first book, and the impression made was so strong that his thoughts turned naturally to Africa. The influence of a day-school teacher who was enthusiastic for foreign missionary work, and who lost no opportunity of presenting it attractively to the boys under his charge, and a laboring man, a teacher in the Sunday school, was a decided factor in fixing his thoughts on his life work. The laborer knew nothing but his Bible, but he knew that well ; and he knew boys. The boys loved him. Several of them would often rise early in order to walk with him to his work ; then they would meet him after the day's work was done, in order to have further converse with him.

Grenfell was one of a band of boys who, under the guidance of this godly man, spent their Sundays in strenuous service. For three or four years, beginning when he was sixteen, the ordinary Sunday program began with a boys' prayer meeting at seven o'clock. Sunday school at nine-thirty was followed by preaching service. Next, tracts were distributed. Afternoon school was at two-thirty ; then visits were paid to two near-by hamlets, where tracts were distributed and an open-air service was held. Grenfell's work, in visiting the cottagers and inviting them to the open-air service, proved helpful to others, and an invaluable experience to himself.

The day ended with evening service, followed by a prayer meeting.

When Grenfell was seventeen, he united with four of his companions in forming "The Bloomsbury Theological Class," which for two years met every week, then every two weeks, for the discussion of theological questions. At the first meeting he read a paper, entitled "A Few Remarks on the Inspiration of the Bible." Again, he read a paper on "Christian Amusements," which showed how carefully he was saying "sha'n't" to himself. Note these sentences from the Minutes of the society.

"He laid it down that a Christian might engage in that upon which he could conscientiously ask the blessing of God. Going into particulars, he objected to theaters, concert halls, circuses, fairs, games of speculation, and all kinds of gambling. He saw no harm in the games of draughts and chess, nor in soirees, conversaziones, penny readings, etc., which he thought might be made to conduce to good when properly managed."

Mr. Grenfell's biographer relates that two members of the society protested against the laxity of the stand thus taken !

On leaving school, Grenfell was apprenticed to a firm of hardware merchants. His work gave him splendid preparation for the mechanical side of the missionary career to which he was looking forward more earnestly than ever. But, not to defer missionary activity till the indefinite future, he became active in a local missionary society, made mission-

ary addresses at Sunday schools, and edited the society's magazine, *Mission Work*. His request to be accepted as a missionary candidate was made in 1873, and he was almost immediately sent to the Baptist college at Bristol for preparation. In little more than a year he was sent with Alfred Sakes, who had long been one of his missionary heroes, to Cameroons, Africa. The thought of the deadly climate did not deter him, though friends warned him of the danger. Again, ability to say and mean "sha'n't" stood the young Christian in good stead.

Arriving on the field in January, 1875, the young Cornishman at once began to teach in the school at Cameroons, where the English language was used. But he was not content with teaching. A slight knowledge of medicine and natural skill in rough surgery enabled him to treat many minor ailments of the natives, and even some that were more serious. In his journal he wrote, soon after his arrival:

"I am very happy at work here. I enjoy the performance of my duties, and God blesses me in them. I have my times of downheartedness (little-souledness), but I am in the right place and doing the right work. The consciousness of this is too deep-seated to allow any cloud to damp my ardor. I have had a month's fever. African fever is not a pleasant companion for long; I took no services or classes during the time; in fact, I could not."

Within two years the death of his wife saddened him so that, for a time, he felt unequal to work.

Then he made up his mind not to give way to his grief, and once more took up his burden. In addition to the recognized work of a missionary, his activities ranged from setting up a sawmill to explorations of the various rivers of the Cameroons, in search of the best route to the interior, where he hoped to plant a new mission station.

But a new turn was given to his work when, news having reached England that Stanley had crossed Africa and down the Upper Congo, it was decided to organize a mission for work on the great rivers. Grenfell, to his delight, was asked to join in the expedition sent out for the purpose. Thus he began the second stage in his missionary career.

A preliminary expedition up the Congo led Grenfell and his companion, Rev. T. J. Comber, to settle upon San Salvador as a mission station. Their intention was to make this the first in a chain of stations connecting the lower with the upper river, but it was soon found necessary to make a new start, and establish at convenient points through the cataract region new stations as depots for supplies and centers for Christian work. Encounters with hostile natives were numerous, and hardships were of hourly occurrence; but Comber and Grenfell were undaunted.

A vessel being absolutely necessary for the successful carrying on of explorations, application was made to home friends, and funds were given for the purpose. Mr. Grenfell was requested to visit England in order to superintend the vessel's construction.

In 1883 the result of his labors, the steel vessel,

Peace, was landed in sections, one hundred miles from the mouth of the Congo. Thence the packages were to be carried by natives, more than two hundred miles, to Stanley Pool. "The carriers, under the guidance of one of their head men, marched in caravans, sometimes stretching a mile in length, so that there was risk of the packages being lost or stolen. To lessen that risk, they had every package numbered, so that a duplicate could be sent from England at once." The deadly climate threatened to interfere with the rebuilding of the vessel; the two engineers sent out for the purpose died before they could begin work. (Several missionaries, sent to reënforce the Congo expedition, also died.) But the vessel was needed at once. So, without waiting for fresh engineers to arrive, the sturdy Grenfell went to work on the parts. The Church of Scotland *Missionary Record* tells how the task was accomplished :

"The *Peace* was handed over to him in eight hundred sections. He was no engineer; and to any one but an engineer it must have seemed at first that this heterogeneous pile of iron plates, steel bars, rods, bolts, nuts, and screws, dumped down on the banks of the Congo, was of little more use than scrap-iron. Yet, with no one to help him but some native boys, he put the boat together, engines and all, launched her into the stream, and found her as taut and trim and manageable as could be desired."

Of the future history of this vessel, Mr. Grenfell's biographer says: "On her deck he explored immense reaches of the waterways of the Dark Con-

tinent, filling in huge blanks of the vast map. She bore him through a thousand perils of nature and of man. For months, which added up to years, she was the home of his wife and babes, who accompanied him in his eventful voyaging. Her plates and rivets were dear to him as his own skin, and the throb of her engines was like the beating of his own heart. Her sister ships coming after were larger, swifter craft, but she was his first love, and his love never failed . . . and the little craft was faithful to her master. Worked by black boys, whose hands he made skillful, and whose hearts he had won with a great and holy love, she bore him, a dying man, upon his last short voyage, from his lonely front station to the place where he found a grave. It is doubtful whether any ship afloat has a more fascinating history than that of the Baptist missionary steamer *Peace*; and surely in the future, when Congo conditions have been bettered, and advances made, of which Grenfell nobly dreamed, in some state museum a worthy model of the *Peace* will hold a place of honor."

The records of the voyage of the *Peace* are a part of the history of the exploration of Africa. Undaunted by dangers from attacking natives (at first it was necessary to protect the passengers from weapons by wire netting) and unwearied by the great labors of long journeys, Mr. Grenfell and his loyal assistants went up and down the Congo and explored its tributaries. In recognition of his splendid work, he was awarded the gold medal of the Geographical Society. The London *Times* said

of him : “ Few explorers in any part of the world have made such extensive and valuable contributions to geographical knowledge as the modest missionary who, had he possessed the ambition of men who have not done a tithe of his work, would have been loaded with honors.”

It must not be thought, however, that Mr. Grenfell was only an explorer. Exploration was only a means to an end. Every opportunity was used to preach the gospel. At first opportunities were few, for the language was unfamiliar, but later on more would be done. Even after the first voyage, Mr. Grenfell wrote : “ We have done a little more preliminary work which is none the less our Father’s business. Oh, for the time when, settled among these people, there shall be servants of God, teachers of his word, to show these heathen the Christian life, and to try and draw them home to God.”

In England many criticized the work because it seemed so spectacular and so unlike the recognized activity of a missionary. In answer to these criticisms, one of Mr. Grenfell’s associates wrote :

“ It has pained us to learn that our purpose in these investigations has, in some quarters, been misunderstood. It may be exciting, but it is certainly far from pleasant to be a target for poisoned arrows, or to run the frequent risk of being speared, and perhaps eaten by wild cannibals. The accounts may be thrilling, but whatever aspects such work may present to those who think the matter over beside their comfortable firesides at home, certainly

those of us who have been obliged to do pioneering work, almost *ad nauseam*, would infinitely prefer quiet mission work on our stations to the privations and exposure which must inevitably attend all such journeys into the unknown interior."

And Mr. Grenfell's biographer says: "Certainly the reader will never understand Grenfell, unless he realizes that the competent engineer, expert traveler, and brilliant explorer was first of all a missionary. The passion for souls possessed him. The mechanical and geographical work which he did so nobly was done in submission to the will of God, and at the cost of self-denial. He yearned for direct spiritual service and, incomprehensible as it may seem to the man of science, it is simply true, that the explorer's exultation which thrilled him when the morning sun flashed upon his gaze the broad splendors of a previously undiscovered lake, was a faint emotion compared with the joy which possessed him when he saw the light of the knowledge of the glory of God transfiguring some dear black face, which his ministry had turned toward the face of Christ. . . . A poor Congo boy passes away in his presence, radiant with the Christian victory over death. Grenfell rises from his bedside to bear witness that the sight of such another victory would be sufficient compensation for another fifteen years of toil in Africa."

The missionary's sorrow may be pictured when the *Peace* was seized by the Congo Free State government for carrying guns and soldiers on a war expedition. Another steamer was ordered imme-

diately, so that when the *Peace* was returned the equipment for effective exploration and missionary work was more ample for the needs. The seizure of the *Peace* was only the beginning of difficulties with the Congo Free State. The work was frequently interfered with, stations were ordered closed, and other disappointments of a similar nature led Mr. Grenfell to turn with loathing from the decorations given him by the state. His heart was saddened as he saw on every hand evidences of the atrocities committed on helpless natives. Once he recorded his visit to a village where the right hands of twenty natives had been cut off by soldiers.

In spite of state interference, stations multiplied and natives became Christians. Churches and schools were built. Natives were trained in useful occupations. Translations were made of parts of the Bible and other helpful literature.

So, after many years, came the days of light on the Congo, which Mr. Grenfell had seen by faith ever since his first voyage in the *Peace*. Because of his faith he had once disobeyed the Church Missionary Society when it summoned him home by telegraph, on the ground that his health was failing and his colaborers were dying. His letter of refusal said very politely, but none the less plainly, "sha'n't!" "My duty is to stay awhile longer," he insisted.

He did stay. Of course there were brief trips to England for purposes of rest and recuperation, but usually for business, and he was in Africa in the midst of his work when he heard the summons to

lay down his burdens. While on one of his voyages he was attacked by fever. "I lie down with fever," he wrote one night in his journal.

For nine weeks the fever continued. From his bed he directed the work of building the new mission station at Yalamba. No European companion was near, for he wrote that it was unwise for any one to come to him, and he insisted that he would be all right. But the fever grew worse. Finally, two of his faithful followers wrote to Yaksuria, pleading for aid.

"We are very sorry because our master is so sick. So now we beging you one of you let him come to help Mr. Grenfell, please, we think now is near to die, but we don't know how to do with him."

But before anybody came, the dying man was taken by his native friends to Basoko. The voyage was made in the *Peace*, then almost worn out. On July 1, 1906, he died.

The name of the missionary explorer is to be perpetuated on the map of Africa by the name "Grenfell Falls," given to a series of rapids forty-five miles long on the Mubangi. But this is the least of his many distinctions. His name is written indelibly in the lives of thousands who have been reached through his unceasing labors for a better life; and it is written large in the Lamb's book of life.

XIII

DOWN AMONG GOD'S PEOPLE

The Joyful Service of Herbert Roswell Bates

WHEN Herbert Roswell Bates was born in a comfortable home in Potsdam, New York, on April 20, 1870, it was taken for granted that he would be a physician when he became a man. His father was a physician, as his father's father and grandfather had been. So it was a tradition in the family that the oldest son must be a physician. When he was old enough to talk of his plans he was quick to say, "I must follow in their footsteps."

But when he was eighteen years old his mother told him of her desire that he become a minister. Perhaps the conversation did not make so much impression on him at the moment. However, his mother died suddenly that night. And from the day of her death he was just as certain that he would order his life in accordance with her wishes as he had been before that he would follow out the tradition of the family.

He did not wait until the completion of his course of preparation to begin work for his Master. Immediately after graduating from high school, he began teaching in Elba, Nebraska. His biographer says of this early service :

“Often after a day of hard work in Elba, his evening was spent in a neighboring town, leading a meeting which aimed at the suppression of intemperance and vice. He called upon the young people around him to help by furnishing music for his meetings. Frequently he assisted in services on the Sabbath when the pastor was not able to be present.”

At Hamilton College he became known as a good companion. His classmates delighted to be with him in his dormitory room or to have him with them in their rooms. He was a delightful comrade who was always thinking of the other fellow more than of himself.

His popularity was temporarily eclipsed by an event that afterwards served to make him more popular than ever. “To shield a fellow student from disgrace after that student had pleaded with him for help, he allowed himself to be accused of a theft, and remained silent. He was suspended from the college, and the strain of the experience brought on a serious illness. The facts of the case having been cleared up, he returned to college and became a stronger power for good than ever before.”

In Clinton, the college town, he found an opportunity for service when he learned that the negro church was split into factions, so that it was impossible to choose a minister. He agreed to act as their pastor. On Sunday evening he preached to them. During the week he ministered to them in their homes. His pulpit appeals were impassioned, and his pastoral visits were marked by tenderness

and wisdom. The people loved him. "Mr. Bates is all the minister we want," was the decisive reply to the proposal that an ordained minister be called to conduct a funeral service.

Probably this experience in college was a factor in leading him, at the end of his course in Auburn Seminary, to choose work among the poor and neglected of New York City instead of in one of the more normal fields such as many of his classmates chose. As assistant pastor of the Church of the Sea and Land he "found that for which he was seeking, a chance to help people who really needed help, and a chance to get at some of the big problems of a city's life."

From the first he found great joy in his work. In a letter to a friend he told of its varied fascination: "When I lie down at night I cannot say the day has been wasted, for each hour brings a task to do for the Master. Can you imagine me playing the part of an express cart down East Broadway, loaded with bags of apples, bundles of clothes, a box with two rabbits, and another with a live chicken and twenty fresh-air children running around me like so many colts? Or do you want a picture of me trudging through the sand at Coney Island, with a baby on one shoulder and one under each arm, and fifteen disreputable-looking mothers carrying more babies, as if I were a new edition of Brigham Young?"

The pastor of the church gave this further glimpse of him: "Mr. Bates shrank from no service, no matter how humble or humiliating, by which he felt

he could help some one of those poor people who then lived on Cherry Street. He seemed to grow in character and in ability to reach the people from day to day, and I shall always count it a great privilege to have had him associated with me."

After one year as assistant at the West End Presbyterian Church, he became pastor of the Spring Street Presbyterian Church, located in the heart of New York's lower West Side. Soon after the beginning of this pastorate he wrote :

"Oh, the peace of a life that is happy only when doing His will, when He will! I believe I have found my place."

His coming to Spring Street put an end to a heated discussion in New York Presbytery as to the wisdom of continuing the church. Many wanted to sell the property, in view of the change in the neighborhood. But the members who believed there was still work to be done gathered regularly in their homes for prayer that God would send them a minister. When the call was sent to Mr. Bates, he responded, "If God be with us we shall succeed. I accept."

From the beginning it was evident that God was with him and with his people. The church grew until it had more than six hundred members. Institutional work was extended so wisely that the wants of the neighborhood were met in ways of which no one had dreamed before; and because Christ was the heart of the institutional work this became a recognized model for such work in many other fields.

The young pastor was always busy. Now he was conducting a tent meeting; again he was sweeping the snow for a woman near the Settlement House who was not strong enough for the task; then he might go to see an immigrant family who needed just the help he could give in their time of misfortune; that night he might be rollicking with the Boy Scouts in the transformed manufactory which they used for a gymnasium; next day he would perhaps respond to the call of a tenement dweller who was being exploited for the benefit of some rapacious landlord. And everywhere he went he carried with him the spirit of his Master. As an Italian girl said, "The room is brighter when he is in it."

This busy pastor found time to respond to the calls that came to him to speak to the students at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, the University of Pennsylvania, Amherst, Williams, Michigan, Smith, Bryn Mawr, and other colleges. At preparatory schools also he was a most acceptable speaker. He knew how to win the students. They became his friends, in spite of himself, and he won many of them to be the friends of his Friend.

He was never afraid to speak to them of the call of the Master. Once in a fraternity house at Yale a company of students fought shy of him just at first, because they thought he would speak of religion. But in a little while he had won their attention, and they were ready to listen respectfully to his fervent message that he had come to give. And he had his reward. In the words of his biographer: "A fine big freshman detached himself

from the group, and coming over to him, gripped his hand and said, with intense earnestness, 'Mr. Bates, I want to stand for those things at Yale.' That freshman became the greatest athlete Yale has had in ten years, and he stood in the life of the college for the things he said he would stand for that evening in the fraternity house."

At conferences of College Men, at Northfield and elsewhere, he was in demand not only as a speaker but as a personal worker, for it was absolutely certain that the result of his stay would be a quickened interest in vital religion on the part of the men, and that almost certainly some of them would be led into a life work that counted for God and for their fellows.

Always he showed that his "supreme interest was the deeply religious interest," Robert E. Speer has said. "Students felt that his touch on life was broad and sure, but they knew also that his own concern was for the things that are deeper and that abide."

Sometimes he was persuaded to take much-needed vacations. But he never took a vacation from Christian work. Once, on shipboard, he was among a company of young men who made sport of religion, and ridiculed the name of "Reverend Batts" which appeared on the ship's passage list. Later they learned that he was the man of whom they had made fun. By this time they liked him and were ready for his talk on any subject. Before the voyage was over one at least of the scoffers became a Christian.

During his last years at Spring Street his friends

realized that he was pushing himself far beyond his strength. But he would not listen to warnings. The work was before him, and he felt he had to do it. His biographer says that "when he returned from speaking he was often so exhausted that he could not stand. Always carrying the full weight of others' sins and temptations, he gave his strength to the weak and his sympathy to the suffering, as a person gives his lifeblood to renew the life of another."

One who worked with him in the Settlement House has told an incident that reveals the intense earnestness of the man, even in times of great weakness: "One evening, as he lay on his bed, he asked me to bring him his little book, which contained the names of all the members of his congregation. As he held it in his hand, I sat by his side, and he told me of his love for them all. He said, 'I know what it means when I read those words, "He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," for I too have tried to carry their sorrows and bear their burdens.' He told me how he used to spend hours on his knees, praying for each one by name, bringing to God their trials and temptations."

In June, 1913, the tired pastor sailed with Mrs. Bates on a tour of South America, with the double object of visiting the mission stations, and regaining his health. But a month later he went on a longer journey. For suddenly, in Cuzco, Peru, he was not, for God took him.

Perhaps the noblest words spoken in his memory were those of his friend, Mrs. Meigs, of the Hill

School, Pottstown, Pennsylvania, to whose students he had so often spoken :

“To have wrought as he wrought, to have loved as he loved, to be loved as he is loved ; to have opened the eyes of those blind to God’s truth ; to have unstopped the ears of those who were deaf to God’s voice ; to have awakened the spirits of those dead in trespasses and sin ; to have made crooked things straight and dark places light, is truly to have lived and divinely to have achieved.”

XIV

THE APOSTLE OF THE NORTH

How William Carpenter Bompas Pressed On

“SHALL no one come forward to take up the standard of the Lord as it falls from his hands, and to occupy the ground?”

The ringing appeal was made on May 1, 1865, at the anniversary meeting of the Church Missionary Society, in London, England, by Bishop Anderson of Rupert's Land. He had told of a lonely mission station on the Yukon River where Rev. Robert McDonald had been working courageously until health threatened to give way because of the rigors of his life.

In the congregation was a young curate of the Church of England, William Bompas, the son of Sergeant Charles Bompas, who is said to have been the original of “Sergeant Buzfuz” in Dickens’ “Pickwick Papers.” He was then thirty-one years old, and had been doing work in various parishes for six years. He had not had the advantages of a university education, but had decided to enter the university after spending six years in the offices of London solicitors. A severe nervous breakdown gave him leisure for study which turned his thoughts

to the work to which he gave the remainder of his life.

The years of his apprenticeship were spent in three difficult parishes, where simple-hearted kindness and wise methods of dealing with the people enabled him to accomplish results that surprised those who knew conditions in his fields.

However, he was not satisfied to remain at home. He longed to go to the millions of China or India. But the church authorities felt he was too old to learn an Eastern language. Disappointment made him all the more eager, and he did not give up hope. His chance came when the appeal was made for one ready to undergo the trying conditions of life in the frozen North.

There was no looking back after the decision was made. He was told that it was eight thousand miles to his field, and that he could not hope to reach it that year; no one had even made the journey in winter. But he wished to reach Fort Simpson by Christmas Day, and he made known his determination to start in three weeks.

Realizing that he could take with him only a small bag, he selected a few of the most necessary things, resolutely putting aside everything "that might lead back his thoughts to home."

The journey was comparatively easy until he reached the Red River of the North. There he took passage in one of its fleet of four boats of the Hudson Bay Company which were about to start on their annual journey to the North. For sixty-three days he continued with the fur company's men,

“across great inland lakes, over hard portages where the freight had to be carried, past the company’s posts, mission stations, and Indian encampments, where services were held when possible.”

At Portage La Loche it was found that the last boats of the season had gone. Many a traveler would have remained there until spring. But Mr. Bompas, eager to begin his work, engaged a canoe and two half-breeds. “The journey was a hard one,” H. A. Cody says in his story of the missionary’s life. “In some places they had to battle with drifting ice, and the water froze to their canoe and paddles. Still they pressed on, all day long contending with running ice, the bleak, cold wind whistling around them, and the water freezing upon their clothes. At night there was a lonely shore, the camp fire, the scanty meal, and the cold ground covered with brush for a bed.”

At Fort Athabasca the officer in charge of the trading post begged him to stay with him through the winter. He declared that it would be impossible to conquer the icy streams yet to be encountered. But Mr. Bompas said he must press on; a sick man was waiting for him, and he could not delay. Another boat was secured, manned by three sturdy Indians, and the hardest stage of the journey was begun.

Three days later winter began in earnest. A way had to be cut through floating ice that jammed the stream. “The ice chips flew. The spray dashed and drenched them, and then incased their bodies with an icy armor.” At length the river was com-

pletely frozen, and it was necessary to take to the forest. After two days of struggle with the undergrowth they reached the shore of Great Slave Lake. At Fort Resolution, after a delay of a month, the missionary procured snowshoes, and a dog team and sledge with two men to conduct him on his way. In five days he reached Big Island, where he joined the men who were to carry the winter mail to Fort Simpson, his destination. He told them of his determination to reach the fort by Christmas Day, so they put forth every effort to accomplish the task. It was a difficult feat, but they succeeded. On the morning of December 25 they reached the fort, to the astonishment of the residents there, who had never known a visitor from civilization to reach there at such a time. The cheering news awaited the traveler that the missionary to whose aid he had come was once more well and strong. This made necessary a change of plan. He was not to go on the Yukon, but was to travel here and there among the Eskimos and Indians of the North.

In order to prepare himself for this difficult duty, he mingled with the Indians at Fort Simpson and at Fort Norman on the Mackenzie River, studying the Slave language. By Easter he was able to talk intelligently to the natives. The Hudson Bay Company built for him a school at Fort Norman, and there he did effective work among the children. But he spent much of his time in visiting the tents of the people, living with them, talking with them, showing himself their friend.

He was glad when the opportunity came to go

still farther north through a country so forbidding that he said of it : " For any other object than that of walking humbly with our God this country offers but a poor position." Every day brought new hardships, yet he was unconscious of these because of his hunger to tell of Christ to those who did not know him.

A vivid picture of some details of these journeys were written by the traveler himself :

" As sundown approaches, a spot is selected in the woods where some dead trees are seen standing. The snow is scraped away, by using a snowshoe for a shovel, from a circular space sufficient to seat the party. This space is next thickly strewn with pine branches lopped down for the purpose, and which are locally termed brush. The axes are then in requisition to fell a sufficient amount of dead trees for the consumption of firewood for the night.

" With a few splinters of dogwood and shavings cut from trees, or with a piece of birch bark which burns like a torch, a fire is started and piled to a sufficient height with logs. Water is procured by melting some of the snow, and kettles are brought for preparing the evening meal. Dogs are fed with fish, and when supper is consumed, shoes and socks are dried for the next day's travel, and the travelers seek repose wrapped in their blankets on the pine brush before the fire embers, till shortly after midnight, when preparations are begun for another day's march."

He made light of the hardship of sleeping in the snow when lost or overtaken by a storm, declaring

that in the far North the traveler needs only to bury himself in the snow to be perfectly safe. This is due to the intense cold. Farther south it is dangerous to pass the night in the snow because it will melt about the sleeper, and he will soon be frozen to death.

It was not till July, 1869, that he was able to reach Fort Yukon, the field of Mr. McDonald, the missionary whom he had thought to relieve when he offered himself for Canadian service. A few weeks later he was present when the stars and stripes were raised over the fort, in token of the transfer of the country from Russia to the United States. Then he pushed on to the Eskimos near Fort McPherson, and spent months among them, trying to learn their difficult language, in the hope that he might do something to better the condition of these uncouth children of the cold. He was their companion on fishing and hunting trips, and when they returned to their homes, he entered with them. That it was not easy to do this may be gathered from his description of their quarters, though in writing this he had no thought of complaint :

“The Eskimos sleep in their tents between their deerskins, all together in a row extending the whole breadth of the tent, and if there are more than enough for one row, they commence a second at the foot of the bed, with the head turned the other way. For myself, I always took care to commence the second row, keeping to the extremity of the tent, and thus generally rested without inconvenience except, perhaps, a foot thrust occasionally into my

side. At the same time it must be confessed that the Eskimos are rather noisy, often talking and singing a great part of the night, especially the boys, and if any extra visitors arrive, so that the tent is overfull, it is not exactly agreeable."

To a friend to whom he wished to give a more picturesque description of the difficulties encountered, he said :

"Go to the nearest well-to-do farmer, and spend a night in his pigsty (with the pigs, of course), and this is exactly like life with the Eskimos. As this comprises the whole thing in a nutshell, I think I need give you no further description. The difficulty you would have in crawling or wriggling into the sty through a hole only large enough for a pig was exactly my case with the Eskimo houses.

"Harness yourself to a wheelbarrow or a garden roller, and then, having blindfolded yourself, you will be able to fancy me arriving, snow blind and hauling my sledge, at the Eskimo camp, which is a white beehive about six feet across, with the way a little larger than that for the bees."

Information similarly suggestive was given as to the diet of the Eskimos: "Fat raw bacon tastes much like whale blubber, and lamp oil, sweetened somewhat, might pass for real fat. Rats you will doubtless find equally good to eat at home as here; but you must get some raw fish, a little rotten, to enjoy an Eskimo dinner."

After making a journey over the ice with an Eskimo family, Mr. Bompas wrote a few sentences which conveyed a better idea of his experience than

a dozen paragraphs of mere prosaic description would have given :

“Get a dozen railway trucks, tackled together, and load them with large and small towboats, scaffold poles, three or four dead oxen, the contents of a fishmonger’s stall and of a small rag shop, and then harness all your family and draw the trucks on the rails, with a few dogs to help, and thus you have a very close resemblance to an Eskimo family traveling in winter with their effects over the frozen ice.”

Always the sense of humor that enabled him to write such letters was his salvation in the midst of trying surroundings. After four years of untiring efforts for the Indians and the Eskimos in a region hundreds of thousands of square miles in extent, he was called home to England. There he was created bishop of the diocese of Athabasca. His new territory was to be much smaller than the field over which he had roamed for eight years, but it was still more than one million square miles in extent.

As one result of his eight years’ labor he had brought home with him portions of Scripture, prayers and hymns in seven different dialects, including the entire Gospel of Mark. When he returned to the wilds he had the joy of taking with him printed copies of these translations.

For his second period of service among the Indians he was not alone; while in England he was married. Through all the remaining years of his life Mrs. Bompas was by his side, encouraging him and sharing his work. Other helpers came to his

assistance as the immense field developed in his hands. Missions were planted at a number of widely scattered points. Faithfully he visited those whom he placed in charge of these. He never thought of sparing himself, and he never wished for anything better than the privilege of remaining on the field. Fellow workers sometimes felt that they must return for a period to civilization, but he was unwilling to leave his Indians. Once, when duty called him to the Pacific coast, he might easily have gone on to England, but he said that he preferred to return north without even visiting the haunts of civilization, as such a visit would render the mind disinclined for life in the wilds. Later, when urged to go home on furlough, he said he did not desire the trip. In lieu of a reason, he asked the question, "If over fifteen years ago when I was at home I felt like Samuel's ghost, how should I feel now?"

In 1884 it was thought best by the church to divide his diocese. He was given his choice of the southern part or the portion which stretched on up to the shores of the Arctic. Some thought he might choose the easier field, but those who knew him best were not surprised that his preference was expressed for the new Mackenzie River diocese. He wanted to go as far as possible from the restraints of civilization, for he felt that there he could accomplish more for the Indians, while at the same time he would be able to complete the translations on which he was still engaged. In like manner, when his diocese was again divided, he chose the

more difficult section, where he could minister to the Indians and the miners on the Yukon and their neighboring territory.

It was his prayer that he might be able to end his days on the field. He had his desire. On June 9, 1906, he had visited all the Indian schools at Carcross, and had called on several sick men at the Indian camp. In the evening he was preparing his venison for the next day when God called him home.

XV

LEARNING TO MINISTER TO ALIENS

The Long Apprenticeship of Edward A. Steiner

JUST before the beginning of the American Civil War a boy was born in a Jewish home in a Hungarian village who was to do wonderful things not only for his own countrymen but for the down-trodden people of other European lands.

Even as a small boy he dreamed of helping the oppressed Slovaks who lived among his own people. But he did not dream of the way his longing to help them was to be carried out.

One day a strolling fortune teller excited him by the prophecy that he would go to America. From that day he was eager to listen to tales of the wonderful land across the sea, as these were told by returning immigrants and by visitors. Several times he tried to run away from the home when his dreams of going to America were laughed at, but always he was brought back.

Finally, when he was a young man, the journey to America became a necessity, in the opinion of the mother who had striven hard to keep him by her side. She feared that his impulsive boyish acts in behalf of his Slovak friends had attracted the attention of the authorities, and that they would try to punish him. In reality he had done nothing in

later youth as serious as his boyish act when attending the synagogue school, of gathering his companions at recess and trying "to incite them to a conspiracy against the cruel government, which exacted heavy taxes from the peasants." Yet friends who thought his impulsive words and acts might lead him into trouble urged his departure from home.

The journey was long and trying, but at last he landed in New York. Then his real hardships began.

One of his first acts was to buy five cents' worth of bananas, which he tried to eat with the skins on! "I stood upon the threshold of the United States," he says in the story of his life, "the acrid taste of banana-peeling upon my lips and around me a surging mass of malevolent looking gentry, each one anxious to get hold of me and carry me bodily, if need be, to the lodging house which he represented."

After eating his first meal at a cheap restaurant he went to hunt a job on Broadway. He thought he would try to persuade some one to take advantage of his knowledge of Slavic languages. But the sights and sounds on Broadway were so strange that he did nothing but look and listen, and when he returned to his lodging house he had increased neither his earnings nor his prospects. In fact, when he had paid for his supper and a night's lodging, he was penniless.

All day he tramped in search of some one who wanted to hire a University man. Being unable to satisfy his hunger, he drank great quantities of

ice water in the vain hope that thus the demands of his stomach might be silenced. In the evening, he remembered that his mother had given him the address of a distant relative in the city. Wearily he walked the eighty blocks to their home, and found a hearty welcome awaiting him.

In the morning he borrowed twenty-five cents and set out to make a round of the leading hotels, in quest of a position where his knowledge of languages would be of use to him. After being turned down twenty times he walked back to Eightieth Street, grievously disappointed.

Sunday morning brought welcome change. He found his way to a church where he could understand nothing of the service. Yet strength came to him, for, in spite of the wavering of years between faith and unbelief, he listened to the preacher, and looked into the future. Of his thoughts as he looked he has said: "I felt that same premonition which had come to me when, as a child, I heard the Latin chant and saw the white-robed priest—'some day you will be like them and do this self-same thing.'"

On Monday morning he found his way to a sweat-shop where he was put to work pressing garments. At the end of a week of the hardest kind of work he received three dollars and fifty cents. And he was happy. "I really found joy in my calloused hands," he says in his autobiography. "Every blister meant more to me than certain slight sword cuts in my university days. The ache in my back, the weight on my shoulder, the hardening muscle

of my arms exalted me before myself and I really thought life worth living, although it was lived in a sweatshop.’’

A misunderstanding in the shop led to his discharge, and his discharge led to his exclusion from the home of his relative. Once more, then, he became a searcher for work by day. At night he slept on a bench in City Hall Square.

Then followed other positions, long evening hours spent in night school, further seasons of weary looking for employment, a season as laborer on a New Jersey farm, where he discovered Emerson’s Essay on “Compensation,” and reveled in such teachings as these :

“Put God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the payment is withholden the better for you ; for compound interest on compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer.”

“Herein I rejoice with a serene eternal peace. I contract the boundaries of possible mischief. I learn the wisdom of St. Bernard : ‘Nothing can work me damage except myself ; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me ; and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault.’ ”

The assurance of the Sage of Concord that the trials a man faces “may mark an epoch of fancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed,” or may “compel the formation of new acquaintances and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years,” was a source of strength to him during the years of trial still before him.

REAPERS OF HIS HARVEST

Another message that came to him at this time of peculiar stress was by J. G. Holland :

Oh ! feed and form me. Fill and furnish me,
And if thou hast for me some humble task,
Some service for thyself or for thy own,
Reveal it to thy sad, repentant child.

Through all the hard experiences of cleaning stables, cooking meals, scrubbing floors, working in Pennsylvania tobacco fields, laboring in the steel mills and the coal mines, and languishing in prison where he was sent for six months for having in his possession a worthless revolver, he was sustained by his desire for work for which he was fitted, and his belief that in time he would find it.

From the coal regions of Pennsylvania to Chicago the immigrant was a companion of tramps. Once he stopped to work for a farmer who, on the day of his departure, followed him two miles on the road. "He spoke to my soul, to my better self, as few men have ever spoken," Mr. Steiner says, "and when he left me I felt as if a holy presence had departed. . . . I frequently pass that farm on my trips East. . . . I call the place Emmaus, for 'here I walked with the Lord and knew it not.'"

In Chicago work was not to be had, so he went to the Minnesota harvest fields. Hard days there were succeeded by weeks on the tramp, days in a coal mine, where he "never descended without fear, and never saw daylight without joy," and a season in a factory.

Here he decided to act on the suggestion of acquaintances that he go East to a Jewish school, and

begin training for the rabbinate. The expenses of the trip were to be met by his labor as caretaker on a cattle train.

The journey, and his plan, were suddenly interrupted when he was thrown, by an Irishman who had first robbed him, from the top of a car to the ground. "The train moved on, leaving me nearly a hundred miles from the college, and a great many thousand miles from becoming a rabbi," Mr. Steiner says, when recording the incident.

That fall gave him a twisted leg, but he does not harbor resentment; he looks on the fall as "the instrument of the Divine Providence."

The crippled man limped into a town not far away, where he was taken into the home of a Jewess, who nursed him. When he was stronger, he became clerk in a store. There he had leisure for study. Books were collected for a small library, a microscope was bought, and finally a Nature Science Club was organized in his room.

Soon he was the companion of people in whom he saw "an honest culture, strong character and a spirit of service which proved more convincing than the many and ingenious arguments with which they met his assaults upon their faith.

Here he found his first opportunity to do something for the immigrants. The town was a railroad junction, where ignorant foreigners changed cars. One day he was called in as interpreter for a Ruthenian who had been defrauded by a farmer. For this man he secured justice, and at the same time started in his life work.

This experience must have had its effect in his feeling after God. One day there came to him peace. "It came like the quiet which steals into the midst of a storm at sea when the ship lifts and groans, then rights herself, finds her course, and moves again into the face of the abating tempest."

At length he decided to renew his journey to school, but this time he was not bound for a school of the rabbis; he went instead to a theological seminary, with a buoyant faith, a fresh enthusiasm, and a consuming passion to tell other men the way to the new hope and the new life.

The days at Oberlin were filled full. Thus he has told of them: "Not only did I study theology, I taught in the modern language department of the college, preached every Sunday and did some manual labor. Such a mixture of occupations not only kept me from becoming one-sided or growing into a pious prig, but helped pay my expenses."

Commencement day came, and a call from a difficult field. There, and in several other fields, the man who had learned by fruitful experience the needs of the human heart, ministered with joy to his people, giving special attention to the submerged masses, especially the immigrants.

Then came the day in 1903 when he was invited to the Chair of Applied Christianity in Grinnell College, Iowa, which he accepted because he felt that there he would have time to train others in the things he had learned while ministering to others.

While his work at Grinnell has been epoch making, his greatest achievements have been away from

the college, when he has gone to the lands from which come the immigrants, or has followed them to their destination in this country, always endeavoring to stand "between the immigrant and those who call him 'the scum of the earth,' " to make his way easier for him, and to teach his own message, "the inner kinship of the human," which he learned as he mused on the words of the Psalmist :

He looketh down from heaven,
He beholdeth the children of men,
He fashioneth their hearts alike.

XVI

A HUMBLE WORKER ON THE ZAMBESI

William Waddell, Artisan Missionary

IN 1868 a ten-year-old Scotch boy whose home was on the banks of the Clyde went to a neighboring farm to see the first reaper ever brought to the neighborhood. The farmer who had purchased the machine was downcast, for he could not make it work. He thought he had been swindled. The boy, whose name was William Thomson Waddell, looked over the machine carefully, and said diffidently, "I think if you will take out that pin it will go all right." The farmer followed the suggestion, and was delighted to find that the reaper worked perfectly.

That incident was a prophecy of the boy's life work. He became a genius in handling tools of all kinds. And he made the best use of his unusual mechanical gift; he devoted it to God's service.

Five years later he became a Christian, and the ambition took possession of him to become a missionary to Africa. But he had little education and it did not seem possible to send him to school. So his parents thought his dream ought to be given up. However, he kept Africa in mind through all the days of his apprenticeship as a ship joiner at Clyde-

bank. Among his companions he was proud to be known as a Christian. "It is a grand thing to be a Christian," he said. Sometimes he was ridiculed for his belief in God and his allegiance to him, but ridicule made no difference. In time his fellow workmen learned that it was wise to let him alone ; his life was a fact against which none of their arguments would stand.

After his apprenticeship days, he worked for various employers, who valued him highly because they could trust him with most particular tasks. But he was not satisfied. He wanted to use his hands in God's service on the mission field.

He was employed in Dublin when he saw an advertisement asking for men to go to the Orange Free State to assist in the building of a new church. He applied and was accepted, at good wages. When he told his parents of his new plan, his mother urged him not to go if he was thinking only of the money he would make. He assured her that he was not going for the sake of money. She knew his longing to do missionary work, and must have guessed that he was eager to be nearer the scene of what he hoped would be his ultimate field of labor.

At Bethlehem, South Africa, the young Scotchman labored faithfully at his trade during the week. On Sunday he taught in Sunday school, and did what he could for the natives who lived near and the Kaffirs who were continually passing, on their way to and from the diamond fields.

Once a week he called at the home of his pastor. Less than a year after his arrival in Bethlehem, Mr.

Waddell was making one of these visits when he was told of a missionary who was looking for a young man of his trade, to go with him as an artisan missionary. François Coillard, the missionary, was French, but he had married a Scotch wife. Together they had spent twenty years among the Basutos. When the Basutos wished to undertake missionary work of their own, the devoted missionaries went to Mashonaland. Disaster overtook them there ; they were the prisoners of the Matabele king for some time. Learning of a tribe on the Zambesi who spoke the same language as the Basutos, Coillard made a tour of exploration and determined to open a mission among them. As the Basutos were unable alone to finance this large work, he decided himself to become responsible for a large part of the needed funds. He told Mr. Waddell's pastor of his need for volunteer workers.

"Would you like that kind of work ?" the pastor asked Mr. Waddell.

"I would be only too glad if I were of any use, but I am afraid I shall not suit, as I can work only with my hands," was the modest answer.

The pastor said : "You would be invaluable. But, remember, you cannot make money as you are now doing."

"That's nothing to me if I can be of any use," was the Scotchman's fine answer.

The wise Coillard would not permit anyone to volunteer for service with him until he understood thoroughly what was before him. Waddell wrote in his journal :

“He says he is glad to see I have a desire to do mission work, but thinks I do not quite understand what I am proposing. He says it is a most unhealthy and deadly place where he is going, that his mission is poor, and he does not advise me to go unless I see it to be a call from God.”

His companions told him he was making a mistake ; they called his purpose to go with Coillard “an act of suicide.” But his parents encouraged him. When he wrote to them of his plans they told him that they were proud of him.

During the long journey with the missionary party to the far-away station Waddell was severely tested. But he stood the tests well. Coillard watched him with satisfaction. In his book, “On the Threshold of Central Africa,” he wrote of his Scotch recruit :

“Everyone has his share of damages, but no one has been so badly used as our friend Waddell. A portmanteau, a trunk, and tool box comprised all his belongings. The portmanteau and the trunk disappeared one after the other. ‘At least my chest of tools has escaped,’ said our Scotchman, with satisfaction. He was proud of this mahogany chest, with its ingenious compartments, the first work of his apprenticeship. It received many blows and fractures, but our carpenter always found some way of repairing them. One day a new *hihu !* *hihu !* from Levi made us run breathless to the wagon. The precious chest was no longer ; it lay splintered on the ground. This time the damage was irremediable. Poor Waddell used his hatchet

with all his might to disentangle the rest of his tools from the trunk of a great tree. As for ourselves we could only look on, sorrowful and silent. Waddell's face was flushed, the tears starting to his eyes, yet he tried to smile in spite of it all. 'Never mind,' he said, 'the chest is broken, but the tools are saved ; give me some boards and time enough, and you'll see if I don't make something better.' There's grit in a man like that. It is easy enough to give him time, but where are the boards to come from ? They will have to be made first, and no one knows that better than himself."

The first planks were made with a handsaw. This was a difficult matter, for the timber used was a foot thick. He longed for a circular saw, but went ahead as best he could with what he had.

A glimpse of the early days at the mission is given in the attractive story of Waddell's life by John MacConnachie from which these facts are taken :

" 'I have no mosquito curtain,' he writes, 'but sleep with gloves on, and cover my face as much as I can in the stifling heat, but awake in the morning to find my pillow all spotted with blood.' One day a gray-colored snake, about six feet long, spat over his shoulder. Another day he fell ten feet from the roof of the house which he was building. Once, when he had followed some natives to their shelter to demand the return of a stolen chisel, he heard one inciting the others to choke that *moruti nyana* (little teacher). He suffered much from fever, and often could hardly drag himself to work. 'Mr. Coillard

has been thinking he will have to bury me,' he writes. One day he had to struggle from his bed in the height of fever to make a coffin for the little girl of Aaron, one of the Basuto evangelists. With the thermometer rising to 112 degrees in the shade, work at all times was difficult, and with a fever-stricken body it was martyrdom. And the night often brought little rest."

The artisan was untiring in his efforts to provide quarters for the other members of the party. He built substantial houses in a most painstaking manner, rejoicing that he could do something to make the lives of the teachers pleasanter, even if he could not teach himself. Perhaps one of his pleasantest tasks was when he built a house for one of the men who was about to marry a young woman in the party. But he was content with poor quarters for himself. He wrote in his journal of his abiding place :

"In my square hut of ten feet by ten I have put up a bench. My bed is on the one side and my bench is on the other. It is not very bedroomlike, with the floor all covered with shavings, but I get it cleared for the Day of Rest. My bench makes a good writing table, which is a great luxury to me, after having written all my letters on my knees since leaving Leribe. So, with a box for a seat, and a bench for a desk, I am as comfortably situated as the clerk of state."

Several times the mission station was advanced further into the wilderness, but everywhere the artisan missionary gave his best skill to the housing

of the missionaries, while he contented himself with humble quarters.

Everywhere it was found that Waddell's handiwork was a surer way to win the interest of the natives than the preaching of Coillard. They watched in amazement as he squared the timber for a house ; they had always used round timbers, and built round houses, in imitation of the sun and moon, and it had never occurred to them that there was any other way. They entered a house, saw trees and water reflected in a looking-glass fixed to the wall, and felt that Waddell was a wonderful man to contrive such a thing. The king delighted to visit the carpenter shop, and always found something to admire. King and people alike saw the window glass, touched it, examined it on all sides, and said, "The missionaries are people of God truly." Waddell took advantage of opportunities thus presented to drive home Christian teaching, and it did not occur to him that he was thus a member of the station teaching force, as well as a humble worker with his hands.

Little by little he succeeded in training natives to assist him, and many of them he won to Christ. His association with these men was always pleasant.

"Between him and the natives whom he hired," Mr. MacConnachie writes, "there grew up a specially close intimacy. They knew his kindness of heart, and when they had displeased him would drop upon their knees and clap their hands in his face, until they made him laugh, when they would say that his *babali* (temper) was not bad. But they

knew also how far they might go. Beside him in his workshop lay his Bible, and often he would take it up and read a pointed text. The young princes also got many a straight word on their visits to his workshop. He had a special liking for the book of Proverbs, which, he discovered, had many apt words for princes."

His treasured Bible, a gift from his mother, was taken from him in an unexpected manner. During a brief absence on a visit to the king at his capital, the white ants attacked his books and reduced them all to powder. He was dismayed when he saw the havoc wrought, but he accepted it as he did all other privations, and smilingly went on with his work.

After his busy days he tried to study the language, in order that he might be able to take a larger part in the teaching activities of his co-laborers.

"But I cannot apply myself to mental work," he said; "besides, the candle is a consideration. However, if my vocabulary of Sesuto is not sufficient for preaching, it is enough to gain affection, and to witness to my Saviour. And I am no more at a loss to direct the workmen, for when difficulties occur, or the men say such and such a tree is too difficult to tackle, a joke generally settles the matter and removes the difficulty."

At last came a day of which he had been dreaming ever since he entered the forests. Word came that a circular saw, sent by Glasgow friends, was on the way. At once he hurried to the forest to cut

the timber for the fittings of the shop in which the wonderful gift was to be installed. While there he wrote :

“Now I am camped in the forest, ripping timber into planks for the central part of the saw bench. Try to think of me in the bright moonlight, seated behind a fence of bushes, and from the end of a tree trunk, which serves as a table, eating what I call a well-earned meal, although it has cost me nothing but a cartridge.”

The completed saw bench attracted visitors from near and far. Natives stood in open-eyed wonder as they saw oxen splitting wood, as they called the process.

Another wonderful event was not quite so pleasant. A bell was sent from France for the church. Waddell set about preparations for the belfry. He chose a tree for the purpose, put up a ladder against it, and set to work to trim the branches.

“But the tree, being somewhat hollow, was inhabited by red honey-making ants,” he ruefully wrote, “and no sooner did my axe go tap than out came a regiment of them and bit me so savagely, from head to foot, that I had to retreat faster than I came up. A boy then mounted with burning grass to fire them out, but he had no better luck, for they took refuge in his woolly hair, and made him scream as he descended the ladder. Not liking the idea of being driven off by ants, I made a fire of saltpeter and sulphur and fired their nest, but without success, for although I thought they were done for, I had no sooner begun chopping than out they came in bat-

talions and drove me down the ladder. So I was conquered and had to seek a belfry in another tree."

After seven years in Africa the artisan was planning for the trip home to which he was entitled. But just at that time it seemed necessary to remove the mission station to the king's village. At once he decided that he was needed, and postponed his trip indefinitely.

The new site, given by the king for the mission, was a plague spot; overrun with noisome and noxious insects and reptiles. But the brave Waddell undertook the work and carried it to completion, in spite of the fever that fastened itself upon him. In his diary he said nothing of his sufferings, but others have told of them.

"He suffered from such stinging pain in his feet that he could not sleep, and the natives would bring damp grasses for him to stand on while he worked. Every day he toiled through the midday heat without a rest. There was an entire absence of drinkable water at the station; it was two hours for a good walker to fetch any, and when he was parched with thirst, there was often nothing to drink but green, stagnant, muddy water, alive with toads and other creatures, in which men, women and children bathed promiscuously. All the time he was on the Zambesi he was never in bed at breakfast-time, but often he was on his feet and at his work so shaken with fever that he hardly knew what he was doing."

At last his health was so broken that a furlough seemed imperative, and he went back to Scotland. When he returned he hoped to be married to a mis-

REAPERS OF HIS HARVEST

sionary. A home had been built, and the furniture had been fashioned by his own hand. For months he dreamed of life in that home, and of more efficient work for the natives. He studied various arts, such as grafting of trees, that he might teach these to the natives.

But he was not to return. A specialist told him that he was suffering from an incurable disease, contracted on the Zambesi, and that he could not hope to leave his native land.

He lived for several years, always in pain, but always cheerful and helpful. He did whatever he could for the mission, visiting the boat yards on the Clyde, examining machinery, and constructing models and patterns for Coillard.

It was in 1895 that Waddell reached Scotland. Several years later he became blind. His sufferings were agonizing, but he was always cheerful. In 1904 came word of the death of Coillard. In 1907 Waddell's mother died, and he felt bereaved indeed, for she had been his constant companion. But his sister, who had been his nurse for years, remained with him.

“She gave twelve years of her life to tending him. For seven years she was never out of her house a single night, and in the last years was seldom out by day. Her face paled and her hair whitened, but she carried through her task, for she felt it was given her of God to do. She showed an unselfishness and self-sacrifice worthy to be set beside his own.”

When the close of his life was near, he said :

“There will be no more pain. My ! will that no’ be graund !”

He died April 12, 1909, at the age of fifty-one. He had paid for ten years of African service by fourteen years of suffering. His work was done at thirty-six, but he is remembered to-day at the Zambesi by those who were won for Christ by his words and his deeds.

Coillard left this record of his opinion of the Scotch artisan :

“Far be it from me to sound his praises. The work of his hands does that, a colossal work (let me use the word, it is not too strong), an incessant labor of nearly ten years. We have had missionary helpers of that stamp, but they are rare. It is because it needs a more than ordinary measure of grace cheerfully to occupy this humble place in the mission field, and to glorify God in it. . . . Without him I should never have been able to undertake the establishment of the new station.”

Another coworker said :

“He was a model artisan. He toiled hard and taught the Zambesi boys to labor. But he was a missionary, first and foremost, and never missed an opportunity of testifying to the righteousness of God, and his love manifested in Jesus Christ.”

XVII

IN A COUNTRY PARISH

The Intense Life of Charles Kingsley

WHEN, in 1833, Charles Kingsley entered an English public school, he was only fourteen, yet already he looked forward with anxiety and even distress to facing the world after the completion of his college course, which was to follow. For, in addition to being shy, he had a hesitation in his speech of which, in manhood, he spoke as "that fearful curse of stammering which has been my misery since my childhood."

Yet he was determined to overcome his handicap, and he set himself to his task with the same persistence that made him remarkable among his fellows, who delighted to tell of the day when he climbed a tree and put his hand in a hawk's nest, in search of eggs. Most unexpectedly the hawk was at home. "To most boys, the surprise of the hawk's attack, apart from the pain inflicted by her claws, would have been fatal," his biographer says. "They would have loosed their hold of the tree, and tumbled down. But Charles did not flinch. He came down as steadily as if nothing had happened, though his wounded hand was streaming with blood."

It was not till he was twenty, however, that he

began to speak with freedom and some comfort. The ability for which he had longed came when he met the young woman whom years later he married. He was then an Oxford undergraduate. To her he was able to open his heart without fear. He told her of the religious doubts that had troubled him for a long time. She received his messages with such complete sympathy and gave him so much of herself that he found satisfaction in promising her "to read his Bible once more, to pray, to open his heart to the Light, if the Light would but come." But long months were to pass before her prayer for him was answered.

"All was dark for a time, and the conflict between faith and unbelief, and between hopes and fears was so fierce and bitter, that when he returned to Cambridge, he became reckless, and nearly gave up all for lost. He read little, went in for excitement of every kind . . . anything to deaden the remembrance of the happy past, which just then promised no future. But through all, God kept him in those dark days for a work he little dreamed of. More than once he had nearly resolved, if his earthly hopes were crushed, to leave Cambridge and go out to the Far West to live as a wild prairie hunter."

Many years later he said to a friend whose doubts he was trying to dissipate: "An atheist I never was; but in my early life I wandered through many doubts and vain attempts to explain to myself the riddle of life and this world, till I found that no explanation was so complete as the one which one had learnt at one's mother's knee."

His mind was fixed on a legal career. He had begun to make arrangements for his law training when he decided to be a minister. Of this change in plans he wrote :

“My determination was not the sudden impulse of a moment, but the expansion into clear certainty of plans which have been most strangely rising up before me for many months. Day after day there has been an involuntary still small voice directing me to the Church, as the only rest for my troubled spirit in this world or the next. . . . I am under a heavy debt to God . . . how can I better strive to pay it than by devoting myself to the religion which I have scorned, and becoming a preacher of purity and holiness—a determined and disinterested upholder of the only true and perfect system, the Church of Christ.”

He was so anxious to begin his work that he exhausted his vitality by hard study. In six months' time he completed work that would have taken many men three years. Earlier in his university career he had walked in one day the distance from Cambridge to London, fifty-two miles. Frequently he would take an afternoon stroll of twenty or twenty-five miles. But when the six months of hard study was at an end he was hardly able to do so much.

He was twenty-three when he became curate at Eversly. A part of his duty was to take services for the rector of the church. On July 7, 1843, he preached for the first time in this his first field. “I was not nervous,” he says, “for I had prayed be-

fore going into the desk that I might remember that I was not speaking on my own authority, but on God's, and the feeling that the responsibility (if I may so speak) was on God and not on me quieted the weak terror I have of offending people."

From the first he was popular among the simple people who attended the church. His biographer says that one secret of his success was that "he could swing a flail with the threshers in the barn, turn his swathe with the mowers in the meadow, pitch hay with the hay-makers in the pasture. . . . He had always a word of sympathy for the huntsman or the old poacher. With the farmer he could discuss the rotation of crops, and with the laborer the science of hedging and ditching. And in giving sympathy he gave power."

While he was giving so freely of sympathy to others he was himself in great need of sympathy. For he did not know that he would ever be able to marry his love. Her parents were opposed to the marriage, and he had no prospects. But he had learned how to trust God, so he was not cast down. "I can understand people's losing by trusting too little to God, but I cannot understand any one's losing by trusting too much to him," he wrote at the time.

For a time the lovers were not permitted to exchange letters. Of this period of testing he once said: "God knows how valuable it was to me; and that I rank that period of misery as the most priceless passage of my whole existence. . . . It taught me to realize that providence was a reality,

and prayer the highest sacrament; that to the Blessed Lord alone we must look for the fulfillment of our desires.”

In September, 1843, the parents of his future wife gave leave to the young people to resume their correspondence, for at that time they had assurance that he was soon to have a church of his own. “When I was on the point of black despair,” he wrote later to one who was placed in a position similar to that which he had gone through, “within a few days of the expiration of the period which I had involuntarily, and as it were by inspiration, fixed—from a quarter where I least expected, by means of those who had been most utterly opposed to me—came a ray of light—an immediate reunion and from that moment a river of blessings heaped one on the other, as if the merciful God were turned prodigal in his undeserved love. Therefore take heart, my friend. Only humble yourself utterly; be still and say, ‘My Father, thy will be done.’ And why shouldn’t it be with you as it has with me?”

On another occasion he wrote: “What an awful weapon prayer is! Mark 11:24 saved me from madness in my twelve months’ sorrows, and it is so simple and so wide—wide as eternity, simple as light, true as God himself; and yet it is just the last text of Scripture which is talked of, or preached on, or used.”

At first it seemed that he was to go to Pimperne. In looking forward to the home there, he wrote to his loved one: “We must have a regular rule of life, not so as to become a law, but a custom. . . .

Family prayers before breakfast; eight-thirty to ten, household matters; between one and five, go out in all weathers, to visit sick and poor, and to teach in the school; in the evening we will draw, and feed the intellect and the fancy. . . . We must devote from nine to twelve on Monday mornings to counting up our weekly bills and accounts, and make a rule never to mention them, if possible, at any other time; and never to talk of household matters, unless urgent, but between nine and ten in the morning nor of parish business in the evening. . . . One thing we must keep up, if we intend to be anything like witnesses for God, in perhaps the most sensual generation since Alaric destroyed Rome,—I mean the continual, open, vital reference of everything, even to the breaking of a plate, to God and God's providence, as the Easterns do. . . . About our Parish. No clergyman knows less about the working of a parish than I do; but one thing I do know, that I have to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and to be instant in that, in season and out of season. . . . And therefore I pray daily for the Spirit of love to guide us, and the Spirit of earnestness to keep us at work. For our work must be done by praying for our people, by preaching to them, in church and out of church . . . and by setting them an example in every look, word, and motion—in the paying of a bill, the hiring of a servant, the reproofing of a child."

Most unexpectedly he was asked to become rector at Eversly, where he had been curate during the

first year of his ministry. Thus, all at once, a life of comfort opened out before him. With Fanny Grenfell, who became his wife in 1844, he moved into the rectory to which he had turned longing eyes during the days of his unhappiness. To a friend who wished to know how he had attained his dream, he wrote: "It was simply by not struggling, doing my work vigorously (or trying to do it) where God had put me, and freely believing that his promises had a real, not a mere metaphorical meaning."

The rectory had not been repaired for more than a hundred years. "The house was damp and unwholesome, surrounded with ponds, which overflowed with every heavy rain and flooded not only the garden and stables, but all the rooms on the ground floor, keeping up master and servants sometimes all night, bailing out the water in baskets for hours together."

Of his work among his people his biographer says: "He made a point of talking to the men and boys at their field work, and was soon personally intimate with every soul in the parish, from the mothers at their wash-tubs to the babies in the cradle, for whom he always had a loving word or look. . . . It was by daily house-to-house visiting in the week, still more than his church services, that he acquired his influence. If a man or woman was suffering, he would go to them five and six times a day—and night as well as day—for his own heart's sake as well as for their souls' sake. Such visiting was very rare in those days."

Years after he gave himself to his people, fame came to him as a result of his books, "Yeast," "Alton Locke," "Hypatia," "Westward Ho," and others. Honors were showered upon him by the Church and by his queen. He was made a chaplain at Buckingham Palace, he was appointed to a canonry at Chester Cathedral, and later was asked to fill a vacant stall at Westminster Abbey, where he preached for a brief season each year. In Eversly, in Chester, in London, and at Buckingham his sermons attracted attention, and proved wonderfully helpful.

But always his heart was with his people at Eversly. The demands made on him for extra services did not lead him to neglect them; he met the increased demands on him by added intensity. "He had to a wonderful degree the power of abstraction and consecration, which enabled him to arrange and elaborate a whole sermon, or a chapter of a book, while walking, riding, or even fly-fishing, without making a note, so as to be able on his return to write or dictate it in clear, terse language as fast as pen could move," wrote John Martineau. "He could read a book and grasp its essential facts thoroughly in a time so short that it seemed impossible that the eye could have traversed its pages."

Perhaps the appointment that gave him most satisfaction was as Regius Professor of History at Cambridge. For he realized that he would have unusual opportunities to win the young men for Christ. He used his opportunities, too. One of those who listened to him when a student said later of his

work : “Often and often . . . young fellows’ eyes would be full of manly noble tears. And again and again, as the audience dispersed, a hearer has said, ‘Kingsley is right—I’m wrong—my life is a cowardly life—I’ll turn over a new leaf, so help me God,’ and many a lad did, too. Kingsley preached without seeming to do so. History was his text. The men and women of History were the words that built up his text.”

Another wrote : “It was not only the crowded room and breathless attention that told the interest, but many of us now, at the interval of fifteen years of busy life in our positions as clergymen . . . can trace back, as I can their first impression of true, manly Christianity to his strong words.”

When he died, on January 23, 1873, an invitation was given to the family to bury the body in Westminster Abbey. But they followed what they knew would have been his preference, and he was laid to rest among his own people, in Eversly churchyard.

There a simple stone marks his grave. But he has other memorials in the hearts of men and women whom he reached for God, in the books which will preach righteousness as long as the world stands, and in the wonderful biography edited by his wife, which is “Dedicated to the beloved memory of a righteous man—

“Who loved God and truth above all things,
A man of untarnished honor—
Loyal and chivalrous—gentle and strong,
Modest and humble—tender and true—

IN A COUNTRY PARISH

Pitiful to the weak—yearning after the erring—
Stern to all forms of wrong and oppression,
Yet most stern toward himself—
Who, being angry, yet sinned not.
Whose highest virtues were known only
To his wife, his children, his servants, and the poor.
Who lived in the presence of God here,
And passing through the garden and gate of death
Now liveth unto God forevermore.”

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